

PRIMA LUCE

Prima Luce

ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS

*Science is unlimited in its
course, life is short*



BEREA HIGH SCHOOL

BEREA, N. C.

1927

PRIMA LUCE

DEDICATION

TO MOTHERS

The pages of history glare with the names of great heroes—statesmen and generals, painters and poets, explorers and pioneers, scientists and inventors, and philosophers and thinkers. But how many thousands of heroines—mothers—there must have been, how many thousands there may be now, of whom we shall never know. But still they are there: they sow in secret the seed of which we pluck the flowers, and eat the fruit and know not that we pass the sower daily. To their memory we dedicate this, the first volume of *Prima Luce*.

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

"If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!"

—Kipling.

PRIMA LUCE



PROF. ORLANDO STONE, A.B., A.M.

PRIMA LUCE

Foreword

In undertaking this work we remember the Latin proverb:

Niscio qua schola solum dulcedine mentum tangit,
et immemorem non sinit esse sui.

Our native school attracts us with some mysterious charm, never to be forgotten.

Therefore, at times, things may appear to be exaggerated, but "merit is fostered by praise" and we offer no apologies.



We liken this work, or the school that it reflects, to the Roman deity, Janus, who was supposed to open the gates of heaven to let out the day and close them upon the return of evening. He likewise had two faces, one to review the past, and one to penetrate the future. We shall have failed in our purpose if *Prima Luce* does not reflect the past and awaken the future.

PRIMA LUCE



Berea High School

PRIMA LUCE

History and Location

Berea High School is a consolidated rural school. A brick structure was erected in 1922 during the time Prof. Horner was superintendent. In 1924 a new front was added to the original structure. The school is located on an eminence of considerable elevation nine miles from Oxford and seventeen from Roxboro. The surrounding hills and valleys are conducive to study and refinement of mind. One cannot view it without recalling Byron's opening lines in *The Bride of Abydos*, describing the beauties of the surrounding scenery:

*Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime!
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gail in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of rivers is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?*

* * * * *

*'Tis the land of Berea, the land of the Sun—
He can smile on the deeds that his children have done.*

PRIMA LUCE

Faculty

ORLANDO STONE, A.B., A.M., PRINCIPAL.

(A.B., University of Virginia, 1923; A.M., University of North Carolina, 1925. Former Research Fellow, Laura Spellman Rockefeller Foundation, University of North Carolina; Author of *Does North Carolina Read and Reading Habits of North Carolinians.*)

French and History

M. F. HAYES, B.S., ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL.

(B.S., Elon College.)

Mathematics

LOUISE FARABOW.

(Louisburg College.)

English and Latin

MRS. R. Y. CREWS.

Music

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

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L. T. WILLIFORD

L. R. DANIEL



SENIORS

Discipulus est prioris posterior dies

To-morrow is the pupil of to-day

PRIMA LUCE



WILLIAM GUTHRIE WILLIFORD

Labor ipse voluptas est.

The labor is in itself a pleasure.

GUTHRIE is studious and quiet. Although he was voted by the class as the one having the largest feet of any of its members, he likewise has the largest body (sometimes they say his head is rather large too). At times he may seem slow, but he is always sure—at least the ladies say so. He's quite fond of them and they of him. A short time ago he was caught reciting the words of a former president:

"I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined."

PRIMA LUCE



NANCY MAE CURRIN

Metus enim mortis musica depellitur.

Even the fear of death is dispelled by music.

NANCY's beauty consists in her being gently serpentine. Modesty and luxuriance, fullness and bouyancy, a rising, as if to meet; a falling as if to retire; spirit, softness, apprehensiveness, a claim on protection, a superiority to insult, a sparkling something enshrined in gentle proportions and harmonious movement, are all to be found in Nancy's charming mixture of the spiritual and material. In her there is a naturally wise amiableness, a grace, an address and penetrating intellect.

Is she intellectual? Visit her classes. Is she studious? Observe her in the library. Is she musical? Listen to her playing. Has she ability? Witness her achievements. Has she friends? Try to count them.

Endowed with these qualities, she will be an asset to any college that she may attend.



JUNIORS

Cor unum, via una

One heart, one way

PRIMA LUCE



LILLIAN LOUISE BROOKS

Post tenebras lux.

After darkness comes light.

LOUISE is as beautiful as she is strong, as tender as she is sensible. She is calm, deliberate, dignified, leisurely. She is gay, graceful, sprightly and sympathetic. Upon occasions she is severe and upon occasions playful. Likewise she has fancies, dreams, romances, ideas. Once let her heart be touched and her affection seriously engaged, and she becomes constancy itself. She may, it is true, still flirt; her actions, her looks, her manners, may still convey the notion of caprice and fickleness, but in her heart she never wavers in her devotion to the one idealized being who fills her thoughts and engrosses her affections. As the ivy clings to the tree, so the love of Louise will cling to the object around which it has once twined itself.

MARY HELEN SHERMAN

Cuivis dolori remedium est patientia.

Patience is the remedy for every misfortune.

HELEN Sherman, athletic and bold,
Not too young and not too old.

'Tis thine to curb the passion's madd'ning sway,
And wipe the mourner's bitter tears away,
'Tis thine to soothe when hope itself has fled,
And cheer with angel smile the sufferer's bed;
To give to earth its charm, to life its zest,
One only task—to bless and to be blest.

PRIMA LUCE

LUCY AGNES WILLIFORD

*Literarum radices amarae, fructus dulces.
Learning has bitter roots, but sweet fruits.*

As one observes Lucy he unconsciously describes her in the following lines:

"O Lucy, thou art formed to bless
The heart of the restless world, to cheer its
care,
And charm existence by thy loveliness;
Bright as the sunbeam, or the morning fair,
If but thy foot fall on a wilderness,
Flowers spring up and shed their roseate-
blossoms there,
Shrouding the thorns that in thy pathway rise,
And scattering o'er it hues of paradise."

JULIA CLYDE HOBGOOD

*Semper tibi pendeat hamus; quo minime credis
gurgite, piscis erit.*

*Always keep your hook in the water; where
you least expect one, the fish will be found.*

OUR CLYDE, like the maid of Thrace,
Is light of form and fair of face;
For when she sang the birds were hushed,
And when she smiled the lilies blushed.

Clyde spent one year at Frederick High School, but repented in time and came to Berea.

"Home," says the proverb, "is where the heart is"; but if so, no man seems to have heart enough to fit out a home without a woman to help him. Clyde seems to have realized this and has bold ambitions.



PRIMA LUCE



RUTH DEAN

Altissima quaeque flumina, minimo sono labuntur.

The deepest rivers flow with the least sound.

THE more we observe Ruth the more firmly we believe that surely woman's calling is to teach man; and to teach him what? To teach him after all that his calling is the same as hers, if he will but see the things which belong to his peace. To temper his fiercer, coarser, more self-assertive nature by the contact of her gentleness and self-sacrifice. To make him see that not by the blare of trumpets, not by noise, wrath, greed, ambition, intrigue, is good and lasting work to be done; but by wise self-distrust, by silent labor, by lofty self-control, by that charity which hopes for all things, believes in all things, and endures all adversities.

WILLIE LEE HORGOD

Laudata virtus crescit, et immensum gloria calcar habet.

Virtue is increased by the smile of approval, and the love of renown is the greatest incentive to honorable acts.

WILLIE LEE is representative of the aristocracy. She was born to patrician leisure; has accomplishments, manners, and ideals; and she and her associates establish the forms, usages, places, and times of our society.

The following compliment was paid to her by one of her admirers:

"... When charm of mind
With elegance of outward form are joined;
When youth makes such bright objects still
more bright,—

And fortune sets them in strongest light;—
'Tis all of Heaven that we below may view,
And all but adoration is our due."

Another said:

"... A little of the angel
Joined to qualities more human,
Makes a delightful mixture,
And we call the product—Willie Lee."



SOPHOMORES

Dimidium facti, qui coepit, habet

Well begun is half done

PRIMA LUCE



CHARLES BENJAMIN CURRIN

Adulescentem verecundum esse deceat.

Modesty shall accompany youth.

CHARLIE might be considered an artist as well as a mathematician, for he is always studying figures—those seen at the beach. He spends hours elucidating upon his ideal of feminine beauty. He likewise maintains most boldly that a woman has the right to change her mind, but admits that she should use discretion occasionally. A nocturnal visit that he was wont to make to a certain residence got his name in *Who's Who in Berea*. Those interested might look up his write-up in that publication. Notwithstanding certain vicissitudes of fortune that may in reality be blessings, we feel that, with his poise, energy, and per 3- verance, there is a great future before him.

ALMA TABITHA DANIEL

Formosa facies muta commendatio est.

Handsome features are a silent recommendation.

NATURE has given horns to bulls, hoofs to horses, swiftness to hares, the power of swimming to fishes, of flying to birds, understanding to men. What then does she give to Alma? Beauty, and beauty which can resist shields and spears. She who is beautiful is stronger than iron or fire. There is more strength in her looks than in laws and more power in her tears than in argument.

RHODES HERNDON FRAZIER

Experientia docet.

Experience teaches.

RHODES is not a shiek, but we think that he thinks he is. But surely he's quite a ladiesman. In talking to Clide, he said:

"In the whole course of my life I have never met a female, from the flat-nosed inhabitant of West Oxford to the snow-white divine sublimity of Berea without a touch of romance; repulsiveness cannot conceal it, age cannot extinguish it, vicissitude of fortune cannot change it. I have found it at all times and places, like a spring of fresh water starting up even from the flint; cheering the cheerless, softening the insensible, and renovating the withered."

As Rhodes concluded, he stuck one hand in the arm hole of his vest, and combed his hair with the other.

PRIMA LUCE

ZELMA HUDSON GOOCH

Labor omnia vincit.

Labor conquers all things.

DRAMATIS Personae: Her fairy godmother and three fairies.

Scene: Her christening.

First Fairy: "She shall be a classical musician." (Behold her musical ability.)

Second Fairy: "She shall be a scholar superb." (Visit her classes.)

Third Fairy: "She shall have modesty sublime." (Observe her motions and listen to her voice.)

JAMES HOWARD DANIEL

Sapiens nihil facit invitus.

A wise man does nothing by constraint.

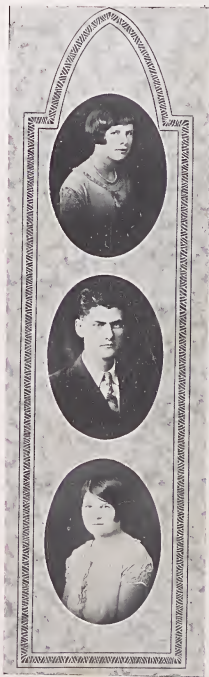
HOWARD is a peace-maker. His philosophy is to take life cheerfully; to have few regrets of the past and few fears of the future. He is quite uncommunicative about his attachments to the fair sex. Once, however, he made a slip. The evening before an eventful night he was heard singing the lines of an unknown author. This song got his name in *Who's Who in Berea*. An extract from it is found on a later page.

HAZEL ESTELLE NEWTON

Multis ictibus dejicitur quercus.

By repeated blows even the oak is felled.

HAZEL's whole life is the history of affection. The heart is her world; it is there her desire strives for empire; it is there her ambition to seek hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies in adventure; and she embodies her whole soul in the traffic of affection.



PRIMA LUCE



SPENCER AMOS O'BRIAN

Faber est quisque fortunae suae.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

"Every man has three characters; that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has."

In Spencer these three are one. As a student, he is excelled by few; as a gentleman, by none. He likewise has confidence in his own ability.

But this is not the only triad connected with Spencer's discription. From outward indications and expressions, he feels that there are three cases in life where human wisdom is of little avail. Should one desire to take unto one's self a wife, to buy a horse, or invest in a melon, the wise man will recommend himself to Providence, and draw his hat down over his eyes.

MATTIE LEE NEWTON

*Dum vires annique sinunt, tolerate laborem;
jam veniet tacito curva senectae pede.*

*Work while your strength and years permit
you; crooked age will by and by come upon
you with silent foot.*

THERE is one in the world who feels for him who is sad a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is much better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honor more than in any which is one's own; there is one on whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than one's own; there is one who loses all sentiment of self in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness and devotion—that one is Mattie.

WALTER EDWARD DUNCAN

Medio tutissimus ibis.

A middle course is safest.

EDWARD is energetic, athletic, determined, and doubtless there is a bright future before him. Edward is likewise a quiet boy, but like many of his associates in Berca, he seems not to understand the ladies. He came to school one morning muttering in Jewish style the following sentence:

"The girl nowadays sets up to be natural and is only rude; mistakes innocence for insolence; says everything that comes first to her lips, and thinks she is gay when she is only giddy."

PRIMA LUCE

JANIE HAYES PRUITT

Jucundi acti labores.

Sweet is the recollection of difficulties overcome.

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented,

(The list of what Faté to each mortal intends)

At the long list of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipp'd in a blessing—Janie.

HARRY HAWKINS NEWTON

Memento quod es homo.

Forget not that you are a man.

HARRY is patient, sincere, and quiet. Now, of course, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Small Children, he does not know everything; but he does know how to behave himself. Instead of pining over the past, he believes in the future. The other day he remarked that he was going to settle down, and added:

"I've reached the harbor,
Hope and Chance adieu;
You've played with me,
Now play with others too."

BEATRICE LORENE GOOCH

Nil sine labore.

Nothing is achieved without toil.

BEATRICE's destiny is to please, to be amicable, and to be admired. Those who do not love her ways are even more in the wrong than those who love them too much. She reddened the face of a tenth-grade boy who impudently sang in her presence:

"Many women, like roses, retain their sweetness long after they have grown too large and have lost their beauty."

Beatrice is civil and kind. She is ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, feminine and modest; and never haughty, arrogant or supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society.



PRIMA LUCE



NELLIE GRAY COLE

*Ars compensabit, quod vis tibi magna negabit.
Skill will enable us to succeed in that which
sheer force could not accomplish.*

NELLIE complies with the Greek ideal of life. A beautiful soul in a beautiful body. Her spirit and radiance confirm the opinion that woman was made out of the rib, taken from the side of man; not out of his head to rule him, but out of his side to be his equal, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved.

HAMILTON DUNAWAY HESTER

Nec scire fas est omnia.

It is not permitted that we should know everything.

HAMILTON played on the basketball team and is athletic. He likewise has other attractions. We think there is a good future before him. In one way he has the professional air of a doctor, for he believes in mixing love and medicine. His new mixture—"Mixture composta"—has the following inscription:

"She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;

"She's a woman, therefore to be won."

This formula, although not appearing in Pharmacological records, is nevertheless a national formula.

LULA FLORENCE JONES

Animus reges, qui nisi parcat, imperat.

Govern your temper, which will rule you unless kept in subjection.

ONE of Florence's admirers aptly sang the poet's lines:

"You are the star of the night, you are the gem of the morning,
You are dewdrops whose lustre illumines the thorn;

And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
When no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast;

And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of Florence assuages the smart;

"Tis hers over the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confessed,
From Florence receives both refinement and zest."

PRIMA LUCE

CLIDE LYCESTER MORRIS

Plus dolet quam necesse est, qui ante dolet,
quam necesse est.

*He grieves more than is necessary who grieves
before any cause for sorrow has arisen.*

CLIDE, although he has had his hard knocks, is a good fellow. Once one said that his middle name, instead of being "Lycester," should have been "De Pester."

Once when Clide did not know his History lesson, Mr. Stone said:

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" but 'all play and no work' makes Clide a poor student."

But notwithstanding these remarks Clide has been captain of the basketball team and is quite a remarkable person on various parts of the campus. He likes to go with the girls—to say nothing about how they like it. And if one jilts him, he uses some strong sentence, as, "She has more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants."

ANNIE FRANCES O'BRIAN

Basis virtutum constantia.

Constancy is the basis of virtue.

THE "wise fool" who said that *beauty and brains* do not go together is contradicted by Annie. She has a supralative way of fussing and smiling. There's no doubt that she is athletic and witty. A whirlwind of energy, she delights in tripping the delicate fantastic toe in the joy of the Charleston.





FRESHMEN

Actum ne Agas

Do nothing twice over

PRIMA LUCE



ELSIE RAY MORRIS

It is the season, not the soil, that brings forth the crop.

ELSIE is a versatile person. Truly at her feet we lay the laurels that without her smile would never have been gained; it is her image that strings the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in eloquence, and guides the brain in august toil of stately councils.

LEVA EPLURIBUS CLAYTON

A good leader makes a good follower.

CAPTURED in the wilds of Shakerag, this is neither Mark Antony nor Uncle Remus, but our free-hearted Leva, who, by his jokes and witty sayings, has added much to his grade and school. Leva has an attractive appearance and pleasing personality, and his sincere and friendly disposition has made him scores of friends who will remember him as one of the most worthwhile school chums.

JANIE GLADYS DANIEL

We are not born for ourselves alone.

JANIE is quiet, unassuming, and industrious. Her features in brightness are a prophecy; in sadness, a history. To her, cleverness is an art, and intellect, a pearl; divinely wrought, divinely rare.

RUBY FLORA HOBGOOD

To have the same likes and dislikes, therein consist the firmest bonds of friendship.

THERE is no mortification, however keen; no misery, however desperate, which the spirit of Ruby cannot in some degree lighten or alleviate. Her society is the society of politeness.

PRIMA LUCE

WILMA DORA SHERMAN

Keep your eye upon the goal.

WILMA is fascinating in features and elegant in voice—a lovely countenance is the fairest of all sights, and the sweetest harmony in the world is the sound of the voice of the one whom we admire.

JAMES BADGETT MORRIS

He conquers a second time who controls himself in victory.

WHEN the daughters of Zeus were musing over a small bit of clay and wondering what should be done with it, they decided at last to make one who should be fair, handsome, intelligent. In this very act they piled the clay so as to blend together—not Turkish blend—the manly, upright, and sterling qualities of youth in such a way as to create a future leader of men—thus we have James.

MATTIE ELEANOR WILLIFORD

He who comes to the mill first does not grind last.

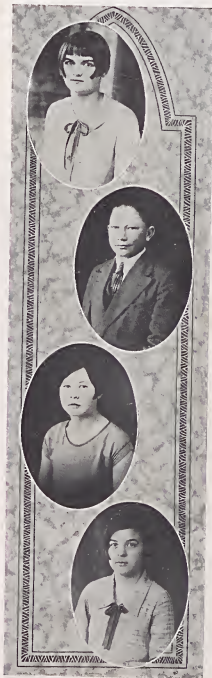
MATTIE is cheerful, friendly, and seems to accept everything with a smile. One of her class mates, whose initials are N. B., Jr., and who paid for her engraving in *Prima Luce*, paid her the following compliment:

"A young man rarely gets a better vision of himself than that which is reflected from a true girl's eyes; for God himself sits behind them"—we don't know what Nat saw.

LOIS VIRGINIA DEAN

Politeness and an affable address are our best introduction.

"STILL waters run deep." Lois came to us from across the river, and has proven herself a true friend to her class. Her quietness and conscientiousness have won for her many friends.



PRIMA LUCE



WILMA PERSALINE O'BRIAN

Hear, see, and be silent.

How do you do it, Persaline? We ask the question with envy, for Persaline is studious and silent. The proverb about "three women talking will make as much noise as a fish market" would never have come into existence if all girls had been like Persaline. We can aptly apply to her the time-honored saying, "Silver speech and golden silence," with special emphasis on "silence."

STANLEY WASHINGTON BROOKS

Honor brings responsibility.

STANLEY is quiet and unassuming. In fact, modesty seems to be the one stumbling block in his path to fame. Doubtless as the years pass on, this will be overcome. He is willing to work, and with this characteristic, we feel that there is great success in store for him.

LIDA BOATMAN ADCOCK

Deliberate before you begin; but having done so, execute with vigor.

LIDA possesses the unassuming qualities which add to charm. Loftiness dwells in her heart, modesty beams on her forehead, sweetness flows from her lips, and industry occupies her hands.

ANNIE LOU BRIGGS

Straining breaks the bow; relaxation, the mind.

It is the fresh cheek, the rosy lips, the fair forehead, the parted sweep of sunny hair, and the girlish charm of form and feature that we love and admire in Annie.

PRIMA LUCE

SOLOMON FRANKLIN DUNCAN

Long is the road to learning by precepts, but short and successful by examples.

WE FEEL that Solomon's personality and manly bearing will insure his success. Self cultivation is his ideal and he believes in the poet's lines:

Though nature weigh our talents and dispense
To every man his modicum of sense;
And conversation, in its better part,
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art;
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture and the sowing of the soil."

LOEE ARMILDA PICKLESIMER

A sound mind in a sound body.

WERE we called upon to produce an example of the most amiable tenderness and affections implanted in human nature, of modesty, of delicacy, of sympathizing sensibility, of prompt and active benevolence, of warmth and tenderness of attachment—whither should we turn but to Loee?

SAMUEL HOWARD ELLIOTT

When you are in Rome, live as Romans live.

HOWARD is one of the most pleasant boys in the grade. Wherever you meet him you receive a broad, undeceitful smile, that is calculated to rescue you from the "path of despondency." Once during a jovial moment he composed the following poem about himself:

"All work and no joy,
Makes Samuel a dull boy."

HELEN WATKINS CLARK

Prudence is the charioteer of all virtues.

A QUIET worker, a conscientious student, a sympathetic pal—that's Helen. One of her admirers ironically sang:

"Yet lovely Helen, yet thy winning smile
That caused our cares, can every care beguile;
And thy soft hand amid the maze of ill
Can rear one blissful hour of Eden still."



PRIMA LUCE



EDWARD DAVID BROOKS

I strive to mold circumstances to myself, not myself to circumstances.

In response to his father's request that he study more, Edward said:

"It is not the position, but the disposition that makes men happy."

Edward is reputed to be lazy; but this is not true. He is not lazy; he just does not believe in injuring his constitution.

PAULINE FAISON THORPE

Dropping water makes the rock hollow, not by its force, but by constant action.

PAULINE teaches us repose, civility and dignity. She devotes herself by compassion and exalts herself by enthusiasm.

FLOYD GEORGE ADCOCK

Wisdom often exists under a shabby coat.

FLOYD the outstanding one—in size—in the eighth grade, is quiet and reticent. Once, however, after his girl had said something to him, he spoke out:

"Away, away, you're all the same,

A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng;

Oh! by my soul, I burn with shame,

To think I've been your slave so long."

EDNA MAE MORRIS

Fortune may rob us of our wealth, not our courage.

Who came from near Ragland's Store to Bercea?

"Edna did."

Who slipped to Oxford without permission?

"Edna did."

Who skipped off to ride with the boys?

"Edna did."

Who went to the store for a coca-cola?

"Edna did."

Yes, Edna "did," "did," "did." She must think her name is Kate. But yet who made those about her happy and cheerful?

"Edna did."

PRIMA LUCE

RUBY ELIZABETH NEWTON

Consider that an enemy may become a friend.

Ruby has an accomplished mind in a fair body—such is indeed a fine picture in a good light. She never complains, and is a poet in imagination, an angel in heart, and a diplomatist in mind.

ROBERT SEAMAN JONES

The human mind ever longs for occupation.

"JACK" is a versatile sort of person; in fact, so versatile that frequently he was off the school grounds. He studies some, talks more, and believes in the institution of marriage. In talking to Edward Dumeau, he said: "What do you think of half a pair of scissors?"

We believe that he practices what he preaches—he paid for a certain girl's engraving in *Prima Luce* and never complained of the muddy roads the many times he brought her to practice on a play.

MAUD EVA FRANKLIN

In hard times no less than in prosperity, preserve equanimity.

IN ONE sense we feel that a suit should be entered against the author of the comic strip, *And Her Name Was Maud*, for giving such a beautiful name to a mule. On the other hand we remember that this mule is far more intelligent than other mules—even understanding English. And our Maud has rare qualities. She has an innate refinement and a sweet disposition. She is never angry, but quiet and studious.

DIXIE MAE HOBGOOD

Nothing is achieved without toil.

DIXIE has an illuminating personality, clear, light-giving, harmonious. She commands without authority, persuades without speaking, and conquers without venturing. She is a friend in solitude, a father in matters of duty, a mother to those in distress, and a repose to the traveller in loneliness.





EXTRA-CURRICULA ACTIVITIES

Durum et durum non faciunt murum.
Hard things alone will not make a wall.

PRIMA LUCE

Boys' Basketball Team



Top row, left to right: Clide Morris, Spencer O'Brian, Coach Hayes, Rhodes Frazier, and Hamilton Hester. *Bottom row:* Floyd Currin, George Hester, Edward Duncan, Howard Daniel, and Clarence Frazier.

The team of 1926-27 had a successful year, especially taking into consideration spirit and willingness. Out of fourteen games played, six were won and eight lost; but many of the opponents were strong teams.

Positions—Forwards: Howard Daniel and Hamilton Hester; *Guards:* Clarence Frazier and George Hester; *Center:* Clide Morris (captain).

Substitutes: Floyd Currin, Rhodes Frazier, Spencer O'Brian, and Edward Duncan.

Coach: M. F. Hayes.

PRIMA LUCE

Girls' Basketball Team



Top row, left to right: Ruth Dean, Annie Frances O'Brian, Elsie Morris, Edna Morris, and Mattie Newton. *Bottom row:* Pauline Thorpe, Ruby Hobgood, and Mattie Williford. *Standing:* Coach Farabow.

This team made a remarkable record in 1926-27. The girls, under the superb coaching of Miss Farabow, never lost a game. Watch out for 1927-28!

Positions—Forwards: Edna Morris and Elsie Morris; *Guards:* Mattie Williford and Annie Frances O'Brian; *Centers:* Ruby Hobgood and Pauline Thorpe. *Substitutes:* Ruth Dean and Mattie Newton.

Coach: Louise Farabow.

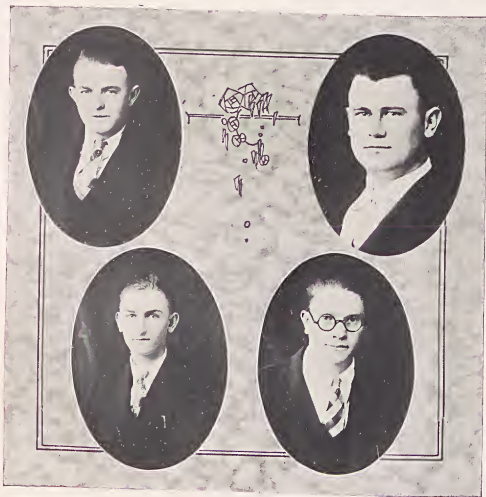


DEBATING

Aemulatio alit ingenia.

Emulation is the whetstone of wit.

PRIMA LUCE



CHARLIE CURRIN

SPENCER O'BRIAN

CLIDE MORRIS GUTHRIE WILLIFORD

Stevenson Literary Society

The Stevenson Literary Society, named after the great romanticist, Robert Louis Stevenson, enjoyed a very successful year. It held weekly meetings every Thursday at 2:30, and all high school students were members. The officers of the first semester were: Guthrie Williford, *president*; Louise Brooks, *vice-president*; Janie Pruitt, *reading secretary*; Elsie Morris, *recording secretary*; Willie Lee Hobgood, *treasurer*; Nancy Mae Currin, Nellie Gray Cole, Clyde Hobgood, *program committee*; Miss Louise Farabow, *pianist*; and M. F. Hays, *critic*.

The officers of the second semester were: Charles Currin, *president*; Mattie Newton, *vice-president*; Dixie Mae Hobgood, *recording secretary*; Lou Picklesimer, *reading secretary*; Louise Brooks, Elsie Morris, and Helen Sherman, *program committee*; Willie Hobgood, *pianist*; and Miss Louise Farabow, *critic*.

PRIMA LUCE

A Sketch

A SKETCH of the activities of the Stevenson Literary Society would in nowise be complete without a remark or two about a serious discussion that arose among four of the astute gentlemen. Their subject was, or is, a grave and delicate subject, ancient and yet young, a subject conducive to songs and battles, smiles and tears, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, the subject—WOMAN. It seems to have started in this way: Mr. Spencer O'Brian, with hair standing on ends like porcupine quills—perhaps he was suffering from the previous night's experience—made a remark in particular about women in general. Mr. Guthrie Williford took issue with him. Mr. Clide Morris, who although young must have had a good deal of experience, sided with Mr. O'Brian; while Mr. Charlie Currin, contrary to expectations, brought aid to Mr. Williford. The discussion became so fierce that the participants, or at least three of them, failed to hear or heed the sound of the bell and did not attend Mr. Stone's class in history. Mr. Stone was red with anger for this neglect of duty on their part until he heard the subject of the discussion and then he had compassion on them, and agreed that he would inflict no punishment but that he wanted them to state their views before the society. This they consented to do. As will be noticed, the debaters use ideas from Hesiod down. After the debate was over Mr. Stone said that he used to think that the Biblical story of Job was the greatest debate ever written, but that he had changed his mind.

MR. O'BRIAN

I often tried in vain to find
A simile for womankind—
A simile, I mean, to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.
Through every beast and bird I went,
I ransack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature
To find so whimsical a creature,
A cloud presented to my view,
And straight this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet, oft perverse, like womankind,
Are seen to scud against the wind.
And are not women just the same?
For who can tell at what they aim?



PRIMA LUCE

MR. WILLIFORD

She was a phantom of delight
When first she glanced upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament,
I saw her upon a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine,
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

MR. MORRIS

A ball last night Priscilla gave,
And all were there, both saint and knave,
And girls who, yet untaught in sighs,
Let laughter loose from lips and eyes;
Yet I, Priscilla's willing slave,
Cared not for girl nor saint nor knave,
But only for that moment's space
When I might look into her face
And tell the love herself must know,
And listen to her answer low.
Led on by thoughts of what's in store,
The foremost guest, I reached her door,
Was ushered in and heard the voice
Was wont to make my heart rejoice;
But changed—in tone no longer low,
As I was used that voice to know,
The frightened butler she upbraids,
Then turns, full cry, upon the maids.



PRIMA LUCE

The guests arrive, and as I go
I hear again those accents low.
The curtain's up and she's all smiles,
All loveliness and gentle wiles.
Too early once, but, thanks to fate,
For the peace of a lifetime not too late.

MR. CURRIN

Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And woman holds affection dear;
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear;
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear.
To woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here:
They its gay hopes on earth bestow,
And care they soothe, and age they cheer.

Oh, woman's love hath fondly turned
To those in dungeons deep and dark,
And beacon fires have steadily burned
To light a long-expected bark.
But what affection, true and tried,
Which death can shake not, nor remove,
Is hers, who feeds the lamp beside
The sepulchre of buried love!

MR. O'BRIAN

She is modest, but not bashful, free and easy, but not bold,
Like an apple ripe and mellow, not too young, and not too old,
Half inviting, half repelling, now inviting, now too shy;
There is mischief in her dimple, there is danger in her eye;
She can tell the very moment when to sigh and when to smile.
Oh a maid is sometimes charming, but a widow all the while;
Are you sad? how very serious will her handsome face become;
Are you angry? She is wretched, lovely, friendless, tearful, dumb;
Are you mirthful? how her laughter, silver-sounding will ring out,
She can lure, and catch, and play you, as the angler does the trout.

MR. WILLIFORD

You're always abusing the women,
As a terrible plague to men;
You say they're the root of all evil,



PRIMA LUCE

And repeat it again and again :
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed
All mischief, be what it may ;
And pray, then, why do you marry them,
If they're all the plagues you say ?
And why do you take such care of them,
And keep them so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment
If ever they chance to roam ?
When you ought to be thanking the heaven
That your Plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting—
Where is my plague to-day ?
If a plague peeps out of the window,
Up go the eyes of men ;
If she hides, then they all keep staring
Until she looks out again.

MR. MORRIS

That man must lead a happy life
Who's free from matrimonial chains ;
Who is directed by his wife
Is sure to suffer for his pains.
Adam could find no solid peace
When Eve was given for a mate ;
Till he beheld a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.

MR. CURRIN

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MR. O'BRIAN

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience :
He took his honor, took his health ;
He took his children, took his wealth,
His servants, horses, oxen, cows,
But cunning Satan did not take his spouse.



PRIMA LUCE

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the Devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold for all he had before—
His servants, horses, oxen, cows.—
Short-sighted Devil, not to take his spouse.

MR. WILLIFORD

But know, my fair (to whom belong
The poet and his artless song),
When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewell to virtue here below.
Our sex is lost to every rule,
Our sole distinction, knave or fool.
'Tis to your innocence we run;
Save us, ye fair, or we're undone;
Maintain your modesty and station,
So women shall preserve the nation.

O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

MR. MORRIS

"I have an article here on 'How to Manage a Wife'," remarked a man, as he approached to the editor's desk.

"You are unmarried, I believe," replied the editor.

"Yes; why?"

"Nothing. I just thought so."

MR. CURRIN

Jack and John were walking out one afternoon,

John says, "My wife and I are one;

Yet faith, I know not why, sir!"

Jack replied, "You and your wife are ten, if I speak true;

She's one, and you're a cipher."

MR. O'BRIAN

Nature, impartial in her ends,

When she made man the strongest

In justice then to make amends,

Made woman's tongue the longest.



PRIMA LUCE

MR. WILLIFORD

And nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses.

MR. MORRIS

I am convinced a woman can
Love this, or that, or any other man;
This day she's melting hot,
To-morrow swears she knows you not;
If she but a new object find,
Then straight she's of another mind.

MR. CURRIN

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair, like a being of light,
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways—
Roses of paradise fresh from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

MR. WILLIFORD

There are girls you can't tempt with a title or gold

MR. O'BRIAN

There may be—but I have never seen one.

MR. WILLIFORD

Some much prefer love in a cottage I'm told.

MR. O'BRIAN

If you believe that, you're a green one.
They'll stick to their lover as long as he has cash,
When its gone they'll look out for another wealthier mash.
A girl on the gush talks unpractical trash,
When it comes to the point she's a keen one.

MR. CURRIN

I believe that more women than men go to heaven.

MR. MORRIS

You do? What makes you think so?

MR. CURRIN

Women live better than men.



PRIMA LUCE

MR. MORRIS

I grant it, but there's one thing that leads me to think that there are very few women on the other side.

MR. CURRIN

What is that?

MR. MORRIS

It is spoken of as the silent shore.

MR. O'BRIAN

The billows on the ocean,
The breeze, idly roamin',
The cloud's uncertain motion:
They are but types of woman.

MR. WILLIFORD

You say, sir, once a wit allowed
A woman to be like a cloud,
Accept a simile as soon
Between a woman and the moon;
For let mankind say what they will,
The sex are heavenly bodies still.

MR. MORRIS

A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty formed to fly;
New love begins, a love produced to die;
New parts distress the troubled scene of life;
The fondling mistress and the ruling wife.

MR. CURRIN

Oh! say not woman's false as fair,
That like the bee she ranges;
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah, no! the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e're can charm,—
She lives and loves forever.

MR. O'BRIAN

Said Smith when some one criticized
His pretty wife's new bonnet,
"She has so little in her head,
She can't bear much upon it."



PRIMA LUCE

While wandering through a cemetery in England I noticed the following epitaph:

Under this marble rests my wife,
Who never rested in her life.
Executors, when'er I die,
At a good distance let me lie,
Lest, in her wonted clamors drowned,
I lose the last loud trumpet-sound.

MR. WILLIFORD

When Christ was crucified and Peter wandered afar off we find that woman stood the test.

When foes the hand of menace shook,
And friends betray'd, denied, forsook,
Then woman, meekly constant still,
Followed to Calvary's fatal hill;
Yes, followed when the boldest failed,
Unmoved by threat or sneer;
For faithful woman's love prevailed
O'er helpless woman's fear.

MR. MORRIS

The voice of a virgin is as soft as the cooing of the wood pigeon on St. Valentine's Day. Her laughter is like the sound of distant bells ringing for a wedding.

She is as timid as a Highland doe. He who would creep near to her must do it—as dear-stalkers do—on his knees.

At the voice of a man she flies, as a gazelle at the roaring of a lion.

But no sooner has she tasted wedding cake than she grows bold as the tiger that has eaten raw food.

Henceforth she shall be bold, as a servant that has discovered your secret. Her voice shall sound like a circus-gong at a fair, telling that the scenes are about to commence.

That Xanthippe's husband should become so great a philosopher is remarkable. Amidst all the scolding, to be able to think! But he could not write: that was impossible. Socrates did not leave behind a single book.

MR. CURRIN

O woman! Whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether summered in the tropics, or chilled at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness, too.



PRIMA LUCE

What is there in this vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love and peace combine
To stamp the marriage bond divine.

MR. O'BRIAN

The devil he swore by the edge of his knife
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife;
(And her thyme is withered, and rue is in prime).

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He was not in wedlock, thank heaven, but in hell;
And the thyme is withered, and rue is in prime.

MR. WILLIFORD

25

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquished world command—
Virtue is beauty. But when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are joined;
When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
And fortune sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all of Heaven that we below may view,
And all but adoration is your due.

MR. MORRIS

Yet be not therefore proud and full of scorn,
Woman, because man issues from your seed;
For roses always blossom on the thorn,
And the fair lily springs from the loathsome weed,
Capricious, proud, importunate, and lorn
Of love, of faith, of counsel, rash in deed,
With that ungrateful, cruel and perverse,
And born to be the world's eternal curse.

MR. CURKIN

Charming women can true converts make,
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake;
Virtue in her appears so bright and gay,
We hear with pleasure and with pride obey.



PRIMA LUCE

'Tis thine to curb the passions' madd'ning sway,
And wipe the mourners' bitter tears away;
'Tis thine to soothe when hope itself has fled,
And cheer with angel smile the sufferer's bed;
To give to earth its charm, to life its zest,
One only task—to bless and to be blest.

MR. O'BRIAN

Shakespeare says: "Frailty, thy name is woman."

The thoughts of women are after-thoughts.

The tongue of a woman is her sword, and she takes care not to let it rust.

He who takes an eel by the tail and a woman at her word, may say he holds nothing.

A man frequently admits that he was wrong; a woman never—she was only mistaken.

A mule and a woman do what is expected of them.

Bachelors' wives and old maids' children are always perfect.

MR. WILLIFORD

The wise wife opposes wrath with kindness. A sand-bag will stop a cannon-ball by its yielding.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

MR. MORRIS

There are women who do not let their husbands see their faces till sometime after they are married. Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that part of the sex who paint;

A woman can keep one secret, that of her age.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught.
Suspicion, discontent and strife,
Come in for dowry with a wife.

I have seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather than seamen.

Nothing makes a woman laugh so much as a new set of teeth.

My only books were women's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me

He is a fool who thinks by force of skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.



PRIMA LUCE

MR. CURRIN

The life of woman is full of woe,
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart and tearful eyes,
The secret longings that arise
Which this world never satisfies,
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one.

MR. O'BRIAN

When dressed for the evening, girls, nowadays,
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;
Nor blame them—for what is an evening dress,
But a dress that is suited to Eve.

They course the glass, and let it take no rest;
They pass and spy who gazeth on their face;
They darkly ask whose beauty seemeth best;
They hawk and mark who marketh most their grace;
They stay their steps and stalk a stately pace;
They jealous are of every sight they see;
They strive to seem but never to care to be

MR. WILLIFORD

Woman was made out of the rib, taken from the side of man; not out of his head to rule him, but out of his side to be his equal, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved.

For me I'm woman's slave confest—
Without her hopeless and unblest;
And so are all, gainsay who can,
For what would be the life of man,
If left in desert or in isle,
Unlighted up by beauty's smile?
Even tho' he boasted monarch's name
And o'er his own sex reigned supreme,
With thousands bending to his sway,
If lovely woman were away,
What were his life? What could it be?
A vapor in a shoreless sea;
A troubled cloud in darkness toss'd,
Among the waste of waters lost;
A ship deserted in a gale,
Without a steersman or a sail;
A thing without a human tie,
Unloved to live—unwept to die.

---FINIS---





SHORT STORIES

Avide audimus, aures enim hominum novitate lactantur

*We listen with deep interest to what we hear, for to man novelty is
ever charming.*

PRIMA LUCE

An Unpleasant Night

Many of us sometime in our career have faced death. The incident leaves an indelible impression on the mind and we never tire of retelling it. In Hyde County, North Carolina, during the summer of 1903 I had such an experience.

In those years I was engaged in dredging oysters and hunting, and, as a consequence, when spring opened I had nothing to do. For the summer I moored my bateau at the head of Rose Bay in order to preserve it from the flatheads of the salt water. Adjacent to the wharves there was a shell hill covering about two acres where Indians used to feast and enjoy their wild life. Here were the remains of a million oysters. Between the hill proper and the wharves there was an artesian well which flowed continuously from an old rusty pipe into a pond of green moss. The water being sulphurous was used by the people for rheumatism and other maladies. From the well a plank walk led through a thick bunch of bushes to the moorings. A cart path led out in the other direction to the main road about one-half mile away.

Dreading the monotony and idleness of the long summer days, I desired diversion. I decided to rent sufficient ground for a garden and a patch of watermelons; for, since my boyhood days I have been fond of the deep red flesh. Going up in the neighborhood I readily secured the desired land from Mr. Mason, a reputable farmer of the district.

Mr. Mason was an accommodating man and placed at my disposal a one-room house.

"You may dislike the closeness of the boat in warm weather or the mosquitoes may become bad," he added.

Mr. Mason's farm was about three miles from the landing. Other than this I was conveniently situated. With a boyish pride and manly demeanor I turned farmer. My melon vines responded nicely to the constant, shallow cultivation which I gave them. The roots of a melon vine are lateral, like its runners, and will not bear deep cultivation.

In the early days of August, I noticed that the big melons were disappearing prematurely. I came to realize that the "coons" were reaping the fruits of my labor. Mr. Mason said that he saw three negroes in the patch on the previous day. Never have I objected to giving a melon to a friend, but I did not care to have them taken from me in this informal way. So in the early part of each night I watched the melons eagerly to try my 10-Gage Richardson.

The crop year was a very unfavorable one and the farmer became more and more interested in my wintry occupation. He often remarked that dredging and trapping were more profitable than farming. Often would he question me about the proceeds of a year. Although I regarded the farmer as an honest man I



PRIMA LUCE

had no desire to reveal my pecuniary affairs. I had been quite successful for the two previous years and had laid up some money. I had this money all in gold which I carried on my person, in a case sewed in my shirt around the waist, two twenty dollar gold pieces side by side. I washed these shirts myself and kept them concealed.

On the second Saturday night in August I was tired and worried, feeling unlike watching the melons.

"I guess they will get them all tonight," I sighed.

As it was getting dusty I went down to my boat. The mosquitoes being ferocious, I replaced the cabin door with the wire one and did not strike a light. While I was sitting on the bunk listening to the mosquitoes buzz on the wire door, I heard the creaking sounds of a buggy.

"Someone is coming down after water," I said to myself.

A few moments later I heard footsteps on the plank which led to the wharf. Presently there came the sound of a smothered cough. I grabbed my rifle and threw a cartridge in the barrel. The click of the action was more distinct than I had ever known it to be before. I heard someone speak in an emphatic fierce, low tone, as if scolding a dog.

Hours and hours I sat on the stool watching the door and listening, but all was silent. I was afraid to rise up out of the cabin as this would expose me to a bullet. I knew someone was watching the boat. Thousands of thoughts went through my mind. I wondered if Mason had discovered the way I carried my money. Did the waylaying person imagine that I was up at the melon patch and would come down later?

Late in the night, about 1:30, I heard an abrupt, roaring noise. A buggy went across a short bridge in the main road at a rapid rate of speed.

As it was getting light the next morning I noticed in the cart path the track of a buggy. The vehicle wheeled around a time or two in front of Mr. Swendell's residence, and a quarter of a mile beyond, turned in at Mason's. I drew the conclusion.

—Mattie Lee Newton.

Lost in the Great Dismal Swamp

"Hello! Is that you Steve?"

"Just who it is, Max. Say, I could tell your voice over the wire among a thousand. What's doing?"

"A whole lot. Owen is here at my elbow, and getting ready with a rush for a quick trip. I'm going to call up Toby Jucklin as soon as I switch off from your number and have him get around here in double quick time."

"What in the wide world—"

"I have just received a telegram from Bandy Leg's rich aunt out in the country. She says Bandy Legs has been lost in the Dismal Swamp, where he went fishing yesterday. He hasn't returned, and she fears that he has been lost, or



PRIMA LUCE

eaten by some wild animal, or perhaps mired in the quick-sand so deep that he cannot free himself. Hurry here at once and we will leave for Miss Griffin's ranch."

Steve was in such haste to leave that he forgot whether he had turned off the water in the bath room or not. He had been doing some painting. He didn't go back to see, but hurried as fast as he could to the home of the leader of the five chums, Max Hastings.

After the four lads arrived at the Hastings mansion, they left as quickly as possible for the ranch to search for Bandy Legs Griffin, who had been given this name on account of his short and far from straight underpinnings. His real name was Clarence Griffin. The five chums had been on several camping trips together.

Bandy Legs' aunt was an old maid. She owned a large amount of property, which was, some day, to be left to Bandy Legs, whom she thought very much of. She lived alone save for an old darkey, Black Bob he was called, who had stayed with her every since the time when cranberries were gathered from the swamps. Black Bob was, now, bent with rheumatism. He had very often been caught in the mud of the swamps, but being accustomed to it, knew how to save himself.

In a very short while the boys reached the Griffin ranch. Max and his three chums jumped out of the machine that they came over the road in with record-breaking speed.

Miss Griffin and Black Bob were waiting at the gate.

"This must be Miss Griffin, Bandy Legs—I mean Clarence's—aunt," Max said as he held out his hand. "I am Max Hastings, and these are my three chums, Steve Dowdy, Toby Jucklin and Owen Griffin. Is there anything new?"

The old lady shook her white head sadly as she replied:

"No news, my boy; we have heard nothing or seen nothing from our poor Clarence since he left us yesterday, meaning to be gone only an hour or two. Hope is beginning to turn into despair. Oh! I do wish you could find him."

"Tell us what you know about it, please, Miss Griffin," said Max, "and we will try our level best to find Clarence."

Miss Griffin and Black Bob told them what they knew, then Miss Griffin prepared food enough to supply them a few days, while Black Bob gave Max a map or rather a description of the swamp.

The boys left in two boats, each loaded with provisions and other things that would be needed on the trip, such as ropes, guns, matches and the like.

After discussing certain plans and ways of how he could have been lost, they were to separate, two in each boat. Still they were not to get out of hearing distance of each other.

Several times Steve was taken by sudden attacks of nervousness. On one occasion, just before the boats separated, the boys were talking of the cold water.

"Bath!" was half shouted from Steve. He sprang to his feet as he said this, and then dropped to the bottom of the boat. His face had a blank look that astonished the others.

"Why, hello, what ails Steve?" remarked Max.



PRIMA LUCE

"W-w-when he h-h-heard us t-t-talking of water, he yelled b-b-bath! and j-j-just got a s-s-shock!" declared Toby Jucklin. Toby stuttered very badly, for this reason he hardly ever spoke."

"What's wrong, Steve?" asked Max pleasantly.

They soon found out enough to know that he had forgotten whether he left the water turned off at home or not.

"Hang the luck, I believe I did shut it off!" Steve declared. "Just to think of what a mess there'll be if I stay away a few days, and it keeps on running that way. No one was at home either, for my people are away on a visit. Perhaps the neighbors will find it and stop the trouble, but how will I know, until I go back? But there's no use talking, boys, I'm not going to turn back now whether that Dowdy mansion floats away or not. Our chum has got to be found, and I'm in the hunt for keeps."

When Steve was straight again, the boys separated.

Max and Steve paddled out into the middle of the stream and soon reached another arm of the channel that ran off in the same direction as that one which the other boys had started through.

"We'll turn in here," Max remarked.

"This isn't such bad goings," said Steve, after they had been moving smoothly along for some time.

"Suppose you give a toot, Steve, and see if the others can hear you," Max remarked.

After three or four hallooes were sent out, an answer came from a stream not very far away.

Silence reigned for a few minutes but Steve's thoughts were busy. He was thinking of something that he saw while on their way to Miss Griffin's home.

In the little town of Carson which was the home of the four boys, there were three boys whom everyone disliked. They did every thing possible to cause Max and his chums to have trouble. Just before arriving at Miss Griffin's ranch, Steve saw Amiel Toots, one of their rivals, peeping out at them from behind a barn. Steve thought the other two boys must be close around. The leader of them was Ted Shafter.

Why was this boy acting like that? was the question that Steve asked himself again and again. He wondered why they were here at the same time that Bandy Legs was missing unless they were in the trouble. Unconsciously Steve was muttering some of his thoughts aloud.

"What's that you're saying Steve?" demanded Max.

At this question, Steve related his thoughts to Max.

"Then dollars to cents Ted Shafter's in this accident."

The boys were entering a large channel, into which the other boat was gradually making its way. Owen and Toby were told of Steve's thoughts.

Things soon began to seem suspicious on the part of Ted Shafter and his partners. But they had no shred of evidence to hang upon yet. They continued moving as they talked, and had been moving in this way only a short while



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when Toby startled his companions by a sudden exclamation, and giving them to understand that he had discovered something.

"B-b-b—Oh, hang it all, say it for me somebody," he said.

"It's a boat all right," added Max, "and the honor of the first discovery belongs to Toby even if he couldn't tell us what he wanted."

The boys discovered tracks of two boats that had been pulled into the mud. They found shoe tracks also. The tracks ahead were those made by the missing chum, for Max knew his shoe print. It could be easily seen that he was being pursued by three others, whom they believed to be Ted and his friends.

After making their boat safe, and gathering what provisions they needed, the party of four began to follow the tracks until darkness prevented them from going any further. They stopped to rest and eat enough to keep them from being hungry. They built a fire also to keep the wild animals away from them. Each boy made himself a bed of bows and leaves upon which he rested himself. Owen and Toby slept sound, but Max and Steve didn't sleep so well. Steve heard strange sounds during the night and thought perhaps it was Bandy Legs; but Max knew it wasn't him.

With the first peep of day the boys aroused themselves, unable to wait any longer to search for their lost chum. They ate a few more of their provisions and set out again.

"Well, we're on our way at last," remarked impatient Steve, as they left their camp.

It always pleased Steve to be on the move. He was one of these kind of fellows who never will believe they are accomplishing anything worth while, unless they are making a big noise.

The boys came upon three tramps who were camping in the swamps. The tramps tried to search the boys, but failed in their attempt. They saw there was no use to fight boys, for they had no guns, therefore they began retreating to the trees.

Then the lads continued their search. Both Max and Steve kept watch of the rear, determined to shoot if they saw anything that would indicate pursuit on the part of the tramps.

The hoboes realized that if they attempted to follow these boys, they would receive the worse end of the game. Anyway they failed to show up.

Very soon the boys came to more tracks which they thought were the tracks of their lost chum and his pursuers. They were right too, for very soon Steve became so impatient that he gave a yell at the top of his voice.

"Oh, Steve, Steve!" came back as an answer.

Steve gave another yell.

"Steve! Oh Steve! I'm so glad you've come at last."

"Who, but our chum would know it was me shouting?" asked Steve. "We've found him, boys!"

"T-t-then s-s-show him to us, S-S-Steve," demanded Toby Jucklin.

Cry after cry came from some nearby place. The voice was very weak, but they could tell that it was near them.



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A faint smile crept over Max's face as what appeared to be the truth was dawning upon his mind. He moved ahead of the others and went to an old stump that was higher than his head. There were scars on the tree where some one had climbed up to the top of it several times. He had now discovered Bandy Leg's prison.

The boys began to work, and soon discovered a plan, which proved to be successful in freeing Bandy Legs.

No sooner had Bandy Legs reached the ground than he began eating at an enormous rate. He was very hungry. Between bites he answered their many questions.

This was his story: "While I was fishing Ted Shafter and his partners came upon me unexpectedly. They threatened to kill me unless I did as they told me to. They drove me to this place, and then laughed at me. Each day I had to eat cold bread. They promised to come back this morning and bring a rope to free myself from the stump if they didn't forget it."

"Well boys, we will stay around here and give these boys a lesson that they've been needing a long time," said Max.

In a few minutes the boys came to the stump where they supposed Bandy Legs to be. On reaching the stump they began calling and teasing Bandy Legs. No answer came.

"I guess he has fainted, boys. One of you will have to go afetr him. The fun's all bursted, the fat's in the fire!"

"You bet it is!" shouted a boy from the rear, and as Ted Shafter started to whirl around, something came against his back with such tremendous force that it sent him head-long to the ground.

This was Steve, then the others rushed from their places of concealment.

"Let 'em have it boys; remember what they did to me!" shrieked Bandy Legs.

All the boys were punished so they would remember it quite a while.

The five chums reutrned to their boats and hurried to Miss Griffin's to tell their story.

They left for Carson that evening and when they reached there Steve found his home as he had left it. Of course he came to the conclusion that he must have stopped the water before he left.

The following day found the five lads again at Miss Griffin's home where they spent a few days of enjoyment.

Whether Ted Shafter would ever secure his revenge or not, only the future can tell; but the good people of Carson were becoming very weary of his antics, and it was understood that with his very next exploit he must be severely punished. If he were not held in check, he must be sent away to a military school: either that, or the reform school was to be the fate of Ted Shafter.

—William Guthrie Williford.



PRIMA LUCE

"Make Yourself at Home"

In the late '90s on the Pittboro-Chapel Hill road just south of Riggsbee, N. C., there used to be a large estate known as the "Old Cunningham Place." The home stood on the top of the hill about a hundred yards from the road. The house was large, colonial in style, and most of one of its sides and one gable end were covered in vines. Around the house were many huge oak trees, which, as the wind pressed through their leaves, gave the impression of coolness and contentment. The heir and occupant of the estate at this time was John Cunningham, a business-like, energetic young farmer, a husband and father. His wife, Flossie, was quite young and girlish to be the mother of two children, one seven years of age and the other four. Her interest in social work was only surpassed by her interest in her husband, which was so intense that at times it made her acts appear silly. This affection was doubtless reciprocated, for Cunningham was noted for his attentiveness to his wife.

This young couple had many friends among whom was Henry Jerrup, a proud, sarcastic, eccentric, but human and good-natured man. He delighted in contention and his witty and odd remarks were proverbs in the community. Often for the sake of strife alone he would express sentiments quite different from those which he really entertained. His plug of tobacco was an inseparable part of him; nor was he ever without a joke or a line of poetry; nor would he ever tell his age, and some of the boys intimated that he seemed to think that a man never got too old to go with the girls.

"I guess you know, Flossie," said Cunningham to his wife, "that Mr. Jerrup is coming for dinner."

"That's right," she answered. "Won't the children be glad to see him?"

"Suppose you have dinner planned. Although Mr. Jerrup is queer, he certainly knows when things are done right."

"Isn't he old-fashioned? But don't you admire his frankness? The children are crazy about him. He showed them so many tricks, and——"

"Flossie, I must go to see what the hands are doing. I hear some one hollowing for me now."

A moment later Cunningham was in the cotton field. This June day was hot and still, and the valleys were quivering in the heat of the sun. A few yellow thunder heads were hanging around in the smoky heavens and occasionally a clap of thunder sounded in the north. Sweat rolled from the brow of the honest farmer as he gave orders and changed plows and cultivators. His temperature was only exceeded by that of Mrs. Cunningham, who, in busily preparing dinner, was not only suffering from the heat of the day but from that of the oven.



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Soon the 11:30 farm bell sounded good news of dinner and shade. The negroes in different parts of the fields threw down their hoes instantly and gave a loud "Hallo" and then broke into some familiar tune, reminding one of the musical resonance of frogs on the salt marshes of Eastern North Carolina.

Cunningham glanced out the kitchen door and exclaimed, "Yonder comes Mr. Jerrup."

The expected guest in an open-buggy driving a donkey-like mule, was coming up the winding path from the main road. Cunningham went out to meet him, and after greeting him with a good handshake, remarked, "Henry, you're looking older."

"Yes," replied the other, "I'm at least a year older than I was twelve months ago."

"Let me put up your mule," Cunningham said as he started undoing the reins.

"Oh, no!" Jerrup insisted. "They fed him about ten o'clock. He doesn't need a thing."

As dinner was not quite ready the two gentlemen retired to the shade of a large oak which stood adjacent to the porch. The visitor tried every way to start an argument. He talked about politics, religion, diplomacy, and other bones of contention; but his friend was too agreeable for a heated discussion. Just as the conversation was becoming interesting, dinner was called. The table was buried in ham, bacon, vegetables, over-sugared pies and cakes, and other sources of indigestion—in fact everything was jammed so closely that the table cloth could hardly be seen.

Jerrup gave a smile of satisfaction as he seated himself at the table.

"Now, Mr. Jerrup," enjoined Mr. Cunningham, "make yourself at home."

"Yes," his wife supplemented, "we want you to feel and do just as you would at home."

Jerrup appeared especially amused and pleased at these remarks.

Dishes jingled; and the conversation was light and flippery. Apology and praise intermingled; and jokes, first told by one and then another, fought in the arena for brilliancy. Often Mrs. Cunningham would chide Master William, the seven-year-old boy, for being out-spoken or acting unmannerly.

Suddenly William said, "Mr. Jerrup, pass me the sugar bowl, please."

"Well, sonny, wait till I can get the sugar out," Jerrup answered as he poured the sugar into his coffee.

"You're trying to get smart, ain't you," William retorted.

Jerrup deliberately slapped him, remarking, "This is the way I do boys at home when they act impudently."

Mrs. Cunningham was a bit excited, but tried to conceal it by apologizing for William's conduct. Cunningham seemed slightly puzzled but continued his conversation.

Dinner was now over and as Jerrup arose from the table he violently embraced Mrs. Cunningham who blushed and uttered a half-controlled cry.

"This is the way I do at home," he hastily explained.



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Cunningham, although a very pious man, lost control of his temper and shouted, "I'll teach you to know where you are!"

Jerrup jumped for the door. The other made for him, but missed and passed and Jerrup helped him along with a light blow to the shoulder, and added as he did so, "I sometimes do this not very far from home."

Before the fallen man had time to regain his feet, Jerrup untied his mule, jumped into his buggy and hurried away. He disappeared down the curving road with his mule's ears pricked high, his hat was on the side of his head, and the back of his thin coat was forced out by the wind resembling a jelly fish in appearance.

As Cunningham arose from the ground shaking the sand from his clothes and spitting it out of his mouth he grunted, "By George! Flossie, when we have guests in the future, if we ever have any more, leave off that confounded expression, 'Make yourself at home'!"

—Orlando Stone.

The Moving Dune

One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—
To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting.

—Moore.

We were lying in Judah Narrows watching the angry white caps on Pamlico and listening to the incessant slapping of ropes against the masts. The Northwester was too fierce for ducking and our only amusement was tinkering on the old oil stove and relating experiences. Capt. Hugh, as he concluded an account of an encounter he had had with alligators at the head of Juniper Bay, twisted his weather-beaten moustache, remarking:

"Mr. Humphrey, tell us one of the experiences which you have had. I know that you have met with many."

Mr. Humphrey, who was out with us for a ducking trip, was a detective of excellent repute, who had been once connected with the United States Secret Service. In late years, however, he had retired from active work for reasons best known to himself. He was an unassuming man and always seemed to take more pleasure in listening than talking. Probably this was an effect of his profession. After the second request, the detective lighted his pipe and began:

"In the early '90's I was called from Baltimore by the authorities of Beaufort. A young lady had disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Her people in a frenzy were confident that she had met with foul play. I learned that Miss Webster, the girl who had disappeared, was a choir singer in the Baptist church and an active worker. In her personal relations I could discover no amours, and I passed her as another Eva Mitchell. A week's investigation only afforded me



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one little minor clue. A jobber told me that he had seen Miss Webster standing in front of the bank on the day of her disappearance, talking with a fellow named Mahoney. He further stated that he was not well acquainted with this gentleman, that he was a hunter and trapper from across the Sound.

"My purpose now was to learn more about Mahoney. From every indication he was not well known in Beaufort. A couple of days later I went across the sound to Swan Quarter. In this little town Mahoney was better known, but nothing could I learn of his inner life. In company with Mr. Sawyer, who was connected with the police department, I spent an evening at the home of Mr. Crawford, a retired merchant. As supper was nearly over I mentioned lightly the name of Mahoney. My host immediately took up the conversation:

"Mahoney is supposed to be one of the wealthiest men on the Sound. He has had a rather peculiar history. About nine years ago he moved down from the central part of the State with his wife and two little children. During the first two years of their stay in this community, his wife, who was several years younger than he, taught school, while he peddled fish. Mahoney was intelligent and carried himself well. He was once a student at Wake Forest College. The people considered him eccentric and secretive, for he would never divulge his personal affairs. But, notwithstanding this, no one had the reputation of being more prompt to pay a debt or more accurate in keeping a promise. He cared little for associates and friends, but always defended his rights with the utmost energy. Some intimated that he was a very undesirable citizen, while others said that he would never bother you so long as you did not molest him.

"During the third year of his residence in this community, Mahoney built a sloop. He did it in a rather spectacular way. He went to the swamp alone to cut the junipers and worked out the timbers with his own hand. The craft was a good piece of workmanship. The man took great pride in his constructive ability. With the aid of the sloop he became a trapper. Soon he was considered the best otter trapper on the Sound and his associates would try to induce him to reveal the tricks by which he caught the cunning animal, but not once would he unfold his methods. Each following spring his stock of furs was large and rumors about his wealth were circulated. Some said that he accumulated this money by following the trap-line. Others intimated that he had inherited it and would not talk about it because he was covetous and wanted the honor himself. One theory had it that he had found a treasure on the Banks—perhaps that of Kidd. Another that he had obtained the money by foul means. In fact, none knew how he made it, but all seemed to know that he had it.

"With prosperity came seclusion. He isolated himself more and more, and about four years ago he bought a place on the Banks. This purchase stamped him as more mysterious. Along the banks, between Cape Hatteras and Beaufort, there is an abundance of sand that has been washed up by the ocean. This sand makes the region worthless, for the Southwesterners of March carry it over everything. If you were caught in one of these storms the skin would be pelted off your face. I would rather be "henpecked" than sandpecked any time."



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"With this remark, Mr. Crawford glanced at his wife and smiled. Then wiping his red moustache, he continued:

"In this region there's only one house, a shanty which fishermen once used. Mahoney spent the spring of each year in this shanty. He said that he wished to avoid the chills which are caused by the drying up of the ponds on the mainland."

"At this point my host halted, as if something held him in restraint and then he recommenced:

"Don't mention what I am going to say now to anyone. A couple of years ago, while his sloop was on the dry dock in Washington undergoing repairs, Mahoney went up on Capt. Bridgeman's schooner to see about the work. We were all delighted to have with us on the voyage the daughter of Capt. Bridgeman, a brilliant girl of seventeen, who was attending school in Washington. She had spent the week-end with her mother and was returning. I noticed that she was a bit melancholy, although she tried to conceal it by continually smiling. Evidently she did not want to leave her mother.

"The wind was dull and the little that we had was dead ahead. As the sun was setting the Captain dropped anchor off Bath. We sat up late that night in the cabin enjoying the conversation of the school girl. At one o'clock I crawled to my bunk in the bow. The next morning I was awakened by a low, serious conversation in the hole. Dressing rapidly I advanced out by the center board. Capt. Bridgeman, pale and excited, was running his hand through his black whiskers while the crew and passengers were standing around him, mum and silent. I soon learned the trouble. The Captain's daughter was not on board and no trace of her could be found. The Captain confidently imparted to me that he thought Mahoney was somehow connected with her disappearance. But this uncommunicative, subtle figure explained his ignorance of the girl's whereabouts and expressed his sympathy without excitement or undue emotion. The girl has not been heard of since. That night as I was dreaming I thought I heard the water slosh against the boat as if something had fallen overboard, but I was not quite sure and said nothing about it."

"At this point, Mrs. Crawford interjected:

"The whereabouts of Mrs. Mahoney always puzzled me. Do you really suppose that she is with her people?"

"Yes," her husband returned, "almost a year ago Mrs. Mahoney went back to visit her people up State. She has not rejoined her husband and it is rumored that she is not with her people. Mahoney never mentions her name unless questioned. Lila, there's the door bell!"

"Two young people arrived and the conversation was broken off. That night I reasoned and pondered on the mystery.

"Who is this Mahoney? Isn't he in some way connected with the disappearance of these women?" I said to myself.

"I determined upon two steps: first, to find out if Mrs. Mahoney was with her people or not; and second, to investigate the desolate shanty. As the result of a hurried trip to Raleigh, I discovered without anyone knowing my purpose, that Mrs. Mahoney was supposed to be in the East with her husband. Now to the second project, to investigate the shanty without the presence of the occupant.



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"Returning to Swan Quarter, I got in touch with Mr. Sawyer at the police headquarters, and the morning after my arrival we motored over to the Banks. Scarcely were we across when the wind began to pick up.

"Wind, wind, and more wind!" These were the words of sea-faring men.

"As some ragged racks passed over from the southwest the sand flew, and every now and then a hawk would fly up and be overturned by the tail, like an airplane looping the loop."

"Toward night the wind calmed and we made our way to the shanty over the sand, which was uneven, for a few bushes and scrubs served to mound it up. East of the wooden hut on the southern side of a sand hill we ran upon some scattered bones. I saw a skull. With the aid of a mattock, we unearthed a mass of human bones.

"We have the mystery!" I said, "Mahoney's a bluebeard. These are the bones of the victims. There are the remains of the women who have disappeared."

"We searched the shanty for more evidence. The appearance inside was quite orderly. There was a light covering of sand which had been blown through the roof. To one side was a cot by the side of which was a table covered with books, mostly old and worn—apparently read and re-read. In one corner was a dilapidated trunk mostly covered with a bear skin rug.

"We searched the trunk. In the top drawer we discovered nothing particular; but in the second one there was a woman's fur cloak, and in the bottom one we found the portraits of several girls. It seemed to me that I had seen one of the portraits before. Pulling out the one which the Webster family had given me of their daughter, I compared—

"The same, the same," I murmured.

"Beneath these pictures was some lyric poetry.

"Evidently an artist," I reflected, "the same story, 'poetry and women.'"

"Sawyer, who was acting watch, beckoned to me that someone was coming. I replaced the things as they were and stepped to the door. A man, leading a little girl by the hand, was approaching from the direction of the sound. I saw the man make a motion with his hand toward the root of a small maple that stood nearby, as if pointing out something. We went out to meet him.

"I guess you think that we have run in on you," I greeted him, introducing myself as Henry Spencer. We were hoping to find shelter for the night—

"Not in the least. Will be glad to have you," the other replied.

"He gave his name as Mahoney and introduced the little girl as his daughter with a degree of parental fervor. The man was well in middle life, clean shaven, with lines in his forehead. His voice was firm and a bit reluctant and there was no special effort on his part to display or entertain. Glancing in the direction in which the stranger motioned his hand, I saw a mound of earth with a juniper plank driven in the ground at one end. In front of this plank there were two padded places.

"What's that?" I inquired.

"That's the grave of my little boy, William, who died last year—" Here the man's voice lowered and a moment later he uttered:



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"Fish aren't running much. Last night I put out the nets and only got enough for two meals."

"As we entered the shanty, Mahoney invited us to rest ourselves upon the cot.

"You have a number of books," I commented, glancing at the table.

"Yes," he answered, "I've never gotten away from the passion of my boyhood days, and since little William's death I have been especially fond of poetry."

"After studying his character for an hour or more, which was more commanding than I had anticipated, we suddenly placed him under arrest. He appeared to be surprised, but was not excited and calmly asked why he had been apprehended.

* * * * *

"Specialists were sent to examine the skeletons, five of which were found to be that of women. The grave under the maple tree was excavated, but its contents bore out Mahoney's story.

"The trial of Mahoney at Swan Quarter was as rapid as it was spectacular. Public sentiment was running high. Parents were fearing for the safety of their daughters and everybody was talking about the Bluebeard. Messrs. Mann and Warren represented the defense and Mr. Dorsey presented the State's case. The lawyers for the defense had difficulty in finding twelve men who had not formed an opinion on the case.

"When Judge Donenil rang his gavel the court room was filled with curious people, each longing to get a glimpse of the great charmer of women. Especially was this true of the society ladies who were eager to hear the morbid stories.

"The prosecution opened with a denunciation of the criminal and allusions to his inhuman cruelty and his harem on the Banks. Capt. Bridgeman and Mr. Webster, with suppressed emotion, related the misfortunes that befell their families. A relative of Mrs. Mahoney told of her disappearance, and the bones of the unhappy ones were presented to the jury. Mahoney carried a stoic atmosphere throughout the trial and only showed an intelligent interest. His lawyers were barely able to induce him to take the stand. In a resolute voice he briefly narrated his boyhood days and college years, and protested his innocence; but admitted having Miss Webster's picture. He said that he had met her at Wake Forest, and had preserved this token ever since. Emphatically he maintained that he knew nothing of the bones and added that he had only been on the Banks a couple of days when taken into custody.

"To make a long story short, Mahoney was convicted and hanged. His daughter was placed in an orphanage. On the day of his execution, he requested a private interview with Lucille, his child. One of the jailers said that he gave her a letter with instructions to present it to no one except 'mamma.'

While going to the police headquarters a few months afterwards, I met Capt. Bridgeman. He extended his hand, remarking:

"The people should feel grateful to you for the services that you have rendered. Mrs. Bridgeman yet feels that our daughter jumped overboard because she did not want to return to school, and also because there was a disagreement



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over a lover; but I, for my part, will forever believe that that scoundrel, Mahoney, was responsible for her disappearance.' With this remark he passed on.

"One afternoon the following September, as I was sitting in my office, the postman shoved a letter through the slit in the door. Its contents were:

Dear Mr. Humphry:

Mrs. Webster and I were overjoyed to learn yesterday that our daughter is alive and living happily with her husband in South Carolina. Thanking you for your former services, we beg to remain,

Your affectionate friends,

Mr. and Mrs. John Webster.

"As I was re-reading the note the bell rang.

"Come in,' I answered.

"At this word the slender form of a woman, deeply veiled, entered the room.

"Is this Mr. Humphrey?' she inquired.

"I replied in the affirmative.

"Have a seat,' I continued.

"Thank you, but I haven't time,' the visitor responded. 'I understand that you were connected with Mahoney's case.'

"Yes, I was given charge of the preliminaries,' I assented.

"Briefly I gave her the synopsis of the proceedings and of Mahoney's end.

"Do you know where his children are?' she inquired.

"He had but one child, did he? Oh, yes, one of them, the boy, is buried on the Banks, the other one is in the orphanage, or was until recently. Really, I don't know where she is now.'

"I thank you,' the woman returned in an almost inaudible voice.

"But why are you so interested?' I queried.

"I am related to his people and would like to care for the child.' Mahoney was buried in Wilkes cemetery, was he not?"

"Yes,' I answered.

"The lady left my office without revealing her identity and her sad appearance and reticence excited my curiosity.

"I wonder who she is,' I mused to myself.

"Before I had time to collect my thoughts, I was called to investigate a shooting scrape in the city. The following morning the body of a woman, which was identified as that of Mrs. Mahoney, was found on the grave of her husband. Her hands were pressed tightly on her bosom holding this letter:

Dear Flossie:

May Lucille give you this letter. Some day you'll return and regret your treatment of me. I know that lizard will desert you, as you deserted me. I've tried to hate you again and again, but I cannot. The remembrance of our early childhood days when we used to play together at school remains with me. I remember the long hours you sat beside me when I had the fever and the cooling effects of your caressing hands. The few happy days I have had were spent in your company.

Flossie, Remembrance says Love; Judgment, Hate. You have been the destruction of my home. When little William died last year I promised him



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never to utter a word about your desertion. I have not cared for life since his death. Why should I dishonor his memory? It is beyond my power to reveal the weakness of his mother. Why should I place a stigma upon little Lucille?

They have had me up for causing the death of people, some of whom I have never seen. Flossie, if you ever return and see the folly of your deeds, I wish that you would do two things—give Lucille the best of care and have my remains placed beside those of little William.

The last word from your disappointed husband,

John Mahoney.

"One thing yet perplexed me. Why were those bones near the shanty? I tried to recollect the circumstances under which I found them. Two facts came to my mind—there was a sand hill just to the north, and the foreheads of the skulls were not well developed—then came the terrible realization—A Moving Dune—the bones of Paleolithic men."

As the detective concluded, silence prevailed. The wind had moderated and the slapping of the ropes had ceased and to break the monotony, Captain Hugh prophesied, "I believe to-morrow will be a good day for ducking."

—Orlando Stone.

A Peep into the Heart

CHARACTERS

HUMPHRY HARRISON.....A Grandson
GRANDFATHER.....An Old Englishman
LETTIE TALMAGE.....A Poor Little Orphan
SERVANT.....

TIME—Past

PLACE—In England: a park belonging to an old Englishman.

CURTAIN RISES

(An old man, well dressed, with white hair, wrinkles about his forehead, enters from right, and walks very slowly. He is carrying a golden-headed cane. From the left Humphry Harrison, a short stout man of about forty, walks briskly in. Humphry has a short black mustache, black wicked looking eyes, and a wrinkled brow. The two men meet near right.)

HUMPHRY

Good morning, Grandfather. Why are you out so early? It is scarce nine by the Southern (Takes out watch and looks at it).

GRANDFATHER

Oh! I just came out for a little walk. I get so tired of staying in the house all of the time. Besides I thought it best to get accustomed to the air.



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HUMPHRY

What! You are not going to leave us? I say you shall not, you have only been with us six months, and you stayed with brother Richard at least nine. Why, it seems but yesterday that you came. Have you not been well cared for? By my word, it shall go hard with . . .

GRANDFATHER

Yes! yes! I have everything I desire. I just felt cooped up.

HUMPHRY

But I fear you tax your strength. Well, I'll see you later. *(Kisses Grandfather's hand, with the air of one who feels well pleased with himself.)* I shall send a servant to attend to you. *(Exits from right, Grandfather looks after him, then slowly walks down right talking to himself.)*

GRANDFATHER

I wonder if he really cares for me; he and Richard are my only kindred. Could they play foul with me? If I only knew that it was not my money that they care for. But how am I to know? *(He sinks down on a park bench, takes out the morning paper from his pocket and begins to read. Presently he starts and looks pleased.)* A ship sails tomorrow for unknown parts. *(Scratches his head)* I have it, I'll just leave on that ship. *(Takes out a piece of paper, writes a few lines on it, and addresses an envelope, thrusts it in his pocket and hobbles off.)*

HUMPHRY

(Carelessly dressed and looks as if he were made at the whole world) The deuce! I don't see why it isn't interesting here as well as at Richard's, I suppose the tight wad will make his will while he is there. I bet five dollars the old miser has gone to Richard's, for he didn't come in last night.

(Enters servant)

SERVANT

Hyars yer mail, Marster. Misses say why don't you's come to you's breakfast?

HUMPHRY

(Taking the mail) Say to your Mistress that I shall not be present at breakfast. *(Exits servant)*

HUMPHRY

(In deep thought) If I only knew what to do with all of his junk. *(Slowly opening a letter)* Why—why. It's from the old man. *(Reads aloud)*

"Humphry, I am sailing at six o'clock, on a ship for unknown parts. Some day I shall come back to your ever-welcomed fireside, and to your heart that has always welcomed me. Your Grandfather." *(With set jaws)* Well, there's just one thing to be done and that is to wait. Why, what is the matter, Kid? *(A child of about eight years of age, is lying on the ground not far from Hum-*



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phry, crying as if her heart would break. Her hair is of a golden color, and is matted in curls about her head, and her dress is torn and soiled.)

CHILD

I'm all alone, and I'm cold and hungry.

HUMPHRY

Where are your parents?

CHILD

Oh! They carried her away! My mother; they put her in a cold hard box and carried her away. *(Sobs)* My father went to heaven a long time ago; so mother said.

HUMPHRY

(Aside) She would make a good kitchen girl and I wouldn't have to hire one. *(To the child)* What is your name?

CHILD

My name is Lettie Talmage. That was my mother's name, and she gave it to me. She said that some day it would establish my identity. My father's name was Rutledge.

HUMPHRY

Well, come along with me, and you shall have a home.

CHILD

(As she follows him out) Oh! Mister I am so thankful, surely God has sent you to a lonely little girl. Mother said he would.

(Curtain falls)

SCENE II—Five days later. PLACE—Same as Scene I.

GRANDFATHER

(He hobbles in dressed in an old suit that is covered with dust. He looks around, and then, apparently satisfied that he is alone, he seats himself on the park bench) Well everything has worked out better than I had planned it. Why I supposed I'd have to hang around to myself for a year or two. But as luck would have it that ship wrecked the second day after it sailed, and only one man escaped. Ha! they will never know that I did not sail, and thus escaped. *(Shivers)* But, it makes me shiver to think of what might have happened. Anyway, I'll get a peep into Humphry's heart.

LETTIE

(Walks slowly in, with her head turned, and drops on the edge of the bench which Grandfather is on. She apparently does not see him. She wears a dirty ragged dress, but her face is clean, and her golden curls are combed, and in place. She looks tired.)



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GRANDFATHER

(He regards her for a few minutes with a startled look, then moves nearer to her and speaks) Why child, how tired you look.

LETTIE

(Looking up in surprise) I am tired, I've been working hard from four o'clock until six *(lightly)*. But I don't mind. Mr. Humphry is so good to let me live in his home.

GRANDFATHER

Humphry! Why, my child, how did this happen, what is your name?

LETTIE

My name is Lettie Talmage. *(Grandfather starts, and then, thinks deep while Lettie finishes speaking)* My Mother and Father died, so Mr. Humphry found me here in the park, and carried me home with him.

SERVANT

(To Lettie) Has you run away, scamp, you was told to scrub the floor and wash the dishes.

LETTIE

(Rising) But I'm so tired, and my arms ache. *(Starts off)*

SERVANT

(Muttering to himself as he walks off stage) She must be tired, but orders are orders, and anyway I can't get myself into trouble, by not seeing that they are obeyed.

GRANDFATHER

(Watching them exit) Lettie—Lettie, my old sweetheart, and this little girl is Lettie's daughter. *(Rising)* Well, I must carry out my plans. *(Sees Humphry enter, and drops quickly back upon the bench)*

HUMPHRY

(He stops and looks at Grandfather in surprise) Why—why!

GRANDFATHER

Yes, Humphry, it is me. I've escaped, barely with my life. The ship and all my worldly goods that I possessed went down. *(Drops his face into his hands and weeps)* Humphry, all of my money went down, there is nothing but myself left, not even an extra suit. I've been to Richard, but he drove me from his door.

HUMPHRY

(Frowning) Then, why come to me? I'm not running an alms house. I've just picked up one little brat last week, and she doesn't earn her salt. *(Rises and starts out muttering)*

GRANDFATHER

Just as I expected.



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LETTIE

(Comes running in with tear-stained face) Oh! Mister, I knew you would be here; you are so kind. Why I can see through your eyes into your heart.

GRANDFATHER

Lettie—Lettie. Child, what was your mother's name?

LETTIE

Her name was Lettie Talmage, Father's name was Rutledge. But Mister, how you tremble. Did you know my mother?

GRANDFATHER

Yes! I knew her. Listen, Lettie, I loved your mother, and she loved me. But her father made her marry another man. All these years I have been waiting, longing for her with a broken heart. And you have taken her place.

LETTIE

(Throwing her arms around his neck) And you really loved my mother. *(Looking up at him)* I'm just like her, Grandad.

GRANDFATHER

Yes, you are just like her, and you shall be mine, and all that I have is yours. We'll go away together. I shall be your old Grandad; and you shall enter school, and grow up as my child.

LETTIE

I'm so happy. I loved you, Grandad, the first time I saw you, and I'll be your little girl. But Grandad, I can work for our food, 'cause I heard you tell Humphry that you had lost your fortune.

GRANDFATHER

(Takes her in his arms) Honey, I was just testing him. I haven't lost my money. But I have had a peep into his heart. My little Lettie, you shall be happy. You are a rich girl now, for all that I have is yours.

—Nancy Mae Currin.

(Curtain)

Two Types of Children

CHARACTERS

CECIL GARWOOD.....*A town boy*
BILLY WATKINS.....*A country boy*

Setting, time and place:

In front of a drug store, on Main Street in Winston-Salem, in the latter part of November, two boys meet on their way home. It is raining and freezing, causing the streets and sidewalks to be slippery.

CECIL

I am most afraid to go farther *(stopping)*.



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BILLY

(With his hands in his pockets and a cigarette in his mouth comes walking along as big as pie) Oh! Wood, don't be so babyish, you little town bird.

CECIL

I rather be a town bird and be good than a country bird and be as mean as you.

BILLY

(Taking Cecil's arm as if to force him to cross) Get across that street.

CECIL

I shall stand here until all have crossed the street and then I will go. If I fall, no one will be to blame.

BILLY

I'll stand here as long as you *(puffing his cigarette)*.

CECIL

Yes, and if you throw me down you will be a naughty boy. Mother said when one boy throws another boy down he is naughty *(looking as if he wished Billy to go on and not bother him)*.

BILLY

Your mama doesn't know everything *(pausing)*. Why, my marna said she would whip me good if I ever tried to hurt a boy less than me. But she doesn't see everything I do.

CECIL

Do you mean to say that you do what your mother tells you not to do?

BILLY

I do what I want to when she is not looking at me. I take Johnny's drum, Helen's doll, and Willie's horn, and they cry.

CECIL

I would be ashamed to tell that I—

BILLY

Would you? *(Catching him by the collar aiming to throw him, but as it would happen Mrs. Garwood appears on the scene, having become uneasy about Cecil.)*
—Willie Lee Hobgood.



PRIMA LUCE

Berea in 1950

The day after the special tax election for a longer term had failed to carry, I ate a large dinner, and, without any dessert, went to my room. I lay across the bed and dozed. I stood on Mount Shasta. It was the year 1960. I saw a stately gentleman with unemotional countenance coming toward me with scroll in hand. I asked him if he were a writer, and he replied, "Only a historian. I am writing a history of Berea, North Carolina, for 1950, which I have not completed. I understand that you were once there and I want some information." I answered in the affirmative and asked him if he would read what he had written. After turning a page or two, he read as follows:

"THE PEOPLE: The native inhabitants of Berea were of an unknown race. In earliest times they dressed in skins, dyed or tattooed their flesh, drank out of the skulls of their enemies, worshipped sticks, stones, trees, and thunder, and strangled the stranger that wandered into their midst. Later, however, they became a very civilized people and perhaps were over-fed with vanity. Fond of personal display, they wore showy garments.

"If we are to believe tradition, the early inhabitants of Berea married their daughters by auction, the money brought by the handsome ones being given as a dowry to their less favored sisters—in other words, the wealthy nobles would buy the beautiful girls at the beginning of the sale and then the auctioneer would give the money received to the less attractive ones with which to buy husbands. Consequently all were mated.

"The marriage festival or auction took place once a year and no father could give his daughter at any other time or in any other way.

"The early inhabitants of Berea had no physicians. The sick and infirm were brought out into the public places, where the passers-by prescribed remedies which had proved effectual in their own experiences or that of their friends; it being against the law to pass by a sick person without inquiring into the nature of his disease. This custom in reference to the sick and afflicted has long since been discontinued, but there are a few,—at least one in Berea today who frequently gives advice to the sick and prescribes medicine for their maladies.

"The fashionable man now wore a large starched collar and a long-waisted double-breasted coat and many of the more prominent ones, like government officials, wore rings in their ears. The men usually went bare-headed and wore long flowing hair, parted in the middle. The ladies have long since discarded the boyish bob and recently appeared in caps, hats, and hoods of every shape. The hair was dyed, curled, frizzled and crimped in a variety of forms and colors. Alma Daniel, who, it is said, had eighty wigs, was seen sometimes in black hair and sometimes in red; Clyde Hobgood wore successively black, yellow and auburn hair. But



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yellow was in most favor; and many a street blonde or country lass was decoyed aside and shorn of her locks, to furnish a periwig for some fine lady.

"At table all wore their hats, as they did also in church or at the theatre. Dinner was the formal meal of the day and was characterized by formal decorum. The old ceremonious custom of washing hands was still observed; perfumed water was used, and the basin and hand towel were ostentatiously displayed. The favorite dishes were a boar's head wreathed with rosemary, and sucking pigs which had been fed on dates and muscadines. Bread and meats were presented on the point of a knife, the food being conveyed to the mouth by the left hand. Music and masquerading enlivened the feast.

"GOVERNMENT: At the time about which this is written the government of Berea was in the hands of its mayor, Mr. Briggs. The new mayor received public attention wherever he went, not because his personal appearance is especially pleasing to the eye or that he possessed any particular charm of manners. On the other hand it was his homeliness and extreme youth that put him in the limelight. His youth alone prompted much speculation as to his qualification to hold high office. Mr. Briggs, the successor to Mr. Russell as head of the government, has barely turned sixty-one. In Berea age has always come before beauty and at the time of Mr. Briggs' election there was a grave concern among the conservatives as to whether Mr. Briggs on account of his youth would prove capable of coping with the tremendous problems of the town. An earlier Solon of the city was ninety years of age when he was mayor, and Mr. Russell, Mr. Briggs' predecessor, was sixty-seven, and many believe that he had not attained unto the years of discretion.

"LAW: The law recognized two hundred and twenty capital crimes. For stealing to the value of five dollars, for shooting a rabbit, or for cutting down young trees, the penalty was death. Prisoners were forced to buy from the jailer (who had no salary) their food and even the straw upon which to lie at night. They were allowed to stand chained by the ankle, outside the jail to sell articles of their own manufacture. Punishments were barbarous and severe. The gallows and the rack were ever at work. Chopping off hands, putting out eyes, and cutting off ears were common affairs. The most ingenious tortures were devised and hanging was the mildest death allowed to criminals.

"The town and the surrounding community were divided by factional feuds between the White Caps and the Red Shirts that terrorized the community and many of the houses were built with lofty towers, and having, instead of windows below, only apertures covered by huge wrought-iron grates.

"The Feme was a tribunal of justice that sprang up in Berea. During these troublous times it attained great power and spread far and wide. The proceedings were secret, and the deliberations were often held in desolate places. The sentences were always secretly and mysteriously executed. To the southwest of Berea a feud arose over a special tax election. A battle ensued. Later a traveller described the surrounding scenery as follows: 'The land was a wilderness overgrown with brushwood and black with stagnant pools. Its once cultivated fields were



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barren; a few miserable people wandered in fear among the ruins of the churches—their hiding places, while the land was covered with the bones of the slain.

"Berea's streets were lighted until midnight by dim oil lamps. A guard protected each home, since stragglers lurked at the lonely corners, and worst of all, bands of aristocratic young men (known as Mohocks from the Mohawk Indians) wandered to and fro, overturning cars, pricking men with old rusty swords, rolling women down-hill in barrels, sometimes brutally maiming their victims for life.

"In the country the roads in the winter were well nigh impassable. The auto truck (with its armed guards to protect it from highwaymen) rattled along at six miles per hour. E. A. Partin accomplished the journey from Berea to Oxford in two hours and nine minutes; but his friends warned him of the danger of such an attempt, and gravely told him of persons venturing it who had died from the very rapidity of the motion. Strangers were considered enemies and the inhabitants set the dogs upon them.

"EDUCATION: A gentleman's instruction was superficial, consisting of little English, less Mathematics, and a good deal of square dancing. At the age of sixteen the young lady was taken out of school and plunged into the dissipation of fashionable society. Newspapers were taxed mainly to render them too costly for the poor, and so restrain what was considered their evil influence upon the masses.

"A general spirit of restlessness existed in society. Landlords beat their tenants and husbands their wives daily. Everyone swore—teachers in their classes; judges, on their bench; and ladies, in their letters. No entertainment was considered complete unless the guests became stupidly drunk. Children started manual labor at five, and were often driven to work by blows. It was a common everyday occurrence to see women plowing oxen. When the horses had the distemper, women pulled the ox-carts fastened to their waists by chains.

"Quite frequently a howl went up from a wine party; and now, a poor old withered dame rushed swiftly by, hotly pursued by a shouting crowd, armed with long pins to prick 'the witch' and see if blood would follow, or grasping at her hair to tear out a handful to burn for a counter-charm. Anon, a poor fellow with blood flowing from his freshly-chopped ears, came staggering home from a public-flogging—it was his second punishment for vagrancy, and he was lucky to escape being branded with a 'V.' At night the narrow streets and roads swarmed with thieves, who skillfully dodged the rays of light borne by a marching guard. There was, indeed, no end of rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars; singly or in crowds, who passed and repassed from morning till night; and many a bloody brawl, robbery, or even murder occurred."

As he concluded I told him that I could not add anything that would be on par with the quality of his narrative, and that he was a man after my own heart.

* * * * *

Then I awoke and murmured, "Why should I have such visions? It must have been that dinner, or that election day!"



PRIMA LUCE

Mr. Stone's Class in Ninth Grade History

(A Parody on a University Production.)

Dramatis Personae:

Mr. Stone
Clide Morris
Charlie Currin
Harry Newton
Edward Duncan
Rhodes Frazier
Annie Frances O'Brian
and students.

Scene: (A room with four walls and a ceiling. Blackboards exist on three sides of the room. On the South side there are several windows. Trees can be seen through these windows. Five minutes after the scheduled time for class, Mr. Stone enters quoting the following Latin proverb to himself, "Caecus iter monstrare vult;"—the blind man wishes to show the way—evidently someone has just disagreed with him. He brushes the dust off the top of the table with his handkerchief as he seats himself at the table. He sits at the table running his hand through his hair for four and one-half minutes. Then a dozen or more students enter the room, leaving the door open behind them.)

MR. STONE

It must be spring fever that makes you come in late.

A STUDENT

No; there was a big cat fight in front of the pomp house.

MR. STONE

Did anyone get hurt?

STUDENT

I don't think so. Mr. Briggs separated them.

(At this moment Edward Duncan enters. He has just partaken of a can of Sardines at Dorsey Mangum's store.)

MR. STONE

I believe today we are to talk about Historical problems. We have traced the Course of Civilization through Greek and Roman history. The Roman Empire in the West came to an end in 476 A.D., and the problem of civilization was to find something to take its place.



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Yes.

(Clide Morris enters carrying a basketball and Annie Frances O'Brian follows him. Clide appears to be the originator of slow motion and is all present but the wagging tail and extended ears.)

A STUDENT

MR. STONE

What is a historical problem? Do people realize at the time that it exists? Is that quite clear?

CLIDE MORRIS

I don't think so.

MR. STONE

Well, let's illustrate. Is not a historical problem like an individual problem? Suppose a man were asleep in a house and the house should be burned unknowingly to him, would the burning of the house be a problem to him?

CLIDE MORRIS

Well, not in this world.

(The class laughs for three and one-half minutes. Then Charlie Currin enters.)

CHARLIE CURRIN

Gee, I am here at last.

(Two members of the class fall asleep and a third one faints.)

MR. STONE

It all depends on the meaning you put on the word problem.

(Another member of the class faints.)

Who can describe the historical problem that confronted the world in 476 A.D.? *(The members of the class give each other a vacant stare.)*

MR. STONE

Do I hear an answer?

CHARLIE CURRIN

It looks like to me the harder we work, the less we know. Oh! I am bored to death. *(Looking at Annie Frances O'Brian.)*

MR. STONE

There can be no solution of historical problems. Is that understood? Neither is there such a thing as time. The Past is gone; the Future is not here. It is all Present. It's like "Cash today and Credit Tomorrow."
(Rhodes Frazier is now asleep.)

MR. STONE

Out of the solution of each problem two more come. Is that clear?
(Someone sticks a pin in Rhodes Frazier.)



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RHODES FRAZIER

That's the point.

(The class laughs heartily and then three full minutes of silence ensue. The quietness is interrupted by the entrance of Harry Newton.)

HARRY NEWTON

I didn't know that we had a class today.

MR. STONE

Yes, we have been discussing historical problems. A problem is a problem. We know that much.

THE CLASS

Yes.

MR. STONE

Can anyone do anything he doesn't want to do? Have you ever done a thing that you did not want to do? You are here in class room, but you may think that you would prefer to be out yonder playing ball or talking. But that is not so. You realize that if you are not here, you will not get credit for the course, and if you don't get credit for the course you will not graduate, and so on. So you are here because you want to be.

Does anyone want to ask any questions? All right, we will discuss the barbarian invasions tomorrow.

(All leave as the curtain slowly falls.)



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Truth and Fancy

Nancy Mae C. (telling about her first ride in an elevator): "We went into a little house and the upstairs came down."

"It is most dangerous to drive with one hand. More than one fellow has run into a church doing it."

"You mean the police headquarters."

Mr. Stone (on French class): "Mademoiselle Hobgood."

Clyde H.: "My name is Clyde, not Mademoiselle."

Rhodes F.: "I have an idea."

Annie Francis O'B.: "Be good to it. It's in a strange place."

Mr. Stone (in Latin class): "Translate 'Caesaris boni legio.'"

Beatrice G.: "Caesar had bony legs."

Nellie C.: "How many foreign languages are you taking, Janie?"

Janie P.: "Two—Latin and History."

Mr. Russell (walking into a barber shop in a hurry): "Can you cut my hair without taking off my collar?"

Barber: "No, but I can cut it without you taking off your hat."

Mr. Stone (in history class): "What were the dates of Henry the Eighth?"

Alma D.: "I don't know, but he must have had a lot. Just think—six wives."

Mr. Hayes: "Clyde, what is an affected quadratic equation?"

Clyde H.: "I suppose it's one that has a disease or something."

Paul T.: "Enoch, I joined an insurance order last night and it's fine."

Enoch C.: "What kind of insurance order?"

Paul T.: "Well, I pay a dollar a week as long as I live, and I get two dollars a week as long as I'm dead."

GENIUS WILL RE-APPEAR

Mrs. Thorpe: "What are you doing, John."

John T.: "Nothing, mother."

Mrs. Thorpe: "My, but you are getting more like your father every day."



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Louise B.: "What time is it?"

Mrs. Brooks: "Seven o'clock."

Louise B. (going back to sleep): "Please tell me what time it is when it gets half-past seven."

Helen S.: "What did Mr. Stone say in political science yesterday?"

Willie Lee H.: "Shall I leave out unnecessary details?"

Helen S.: "Yes."

Willie Lee H.: "Nothing."

Circus man from Oxford (after a runaway elephant): "Have you seen a strange animal around here?"

Norman Jones: "I should say I have. There was an Injun-rubber bull eating my turnips with his tail."

Miss Farabow: "What great work did Milton write just after his wife left him?"

Charlie C.: "'Paradise Regained.'"

Harry N.: "There were three people who got out of the ark before Noah."

Loee P.: "How do you know?"

Harry N.: "Why, it says here in the Bible that Noah came forth."

Miss Farabow: "Don't you know why I won't marry you?"

Cameron H.: "I can't think."

Miss Farabow: "That's it exactly."

Clide M.: "There's a man outside with a wooden leg named Smith."

Miss Farabow: "What is the name of his other leg?"

Pretty Waitress: "I've got frog legs, chicken liver, calves brains and—"

Mr. Briggs: "You had better see the doctor."

Clyde H.: "Guthrie, you would be a good dancer but for two things."

Guthrie W.: "What are they?"

Clyde H.: "Your feet."

Helen C.: "Why papa, you are not leaving before the play is over?"

Mr. C. Clark: "What's the use staying. The program says 'Act II and Act III the same as the first.'"

Louise B., in her brother's car, drove up to Mr. Mangum's store for some oil.

Mr. Mangum asked: "What kind do you want—heavy?"

"Don't get fresh with me," Louise retorted, as she hurried away without purchasing the oil. Mr. Mangum could not understand why she did not buy the oil.



PRIMA LUCE

Janie P. was slightly discomfited over a certain mark on a term paper in Latin one morning, and Edward D., observing her plight, thought he could have a little fun. Consequently he drew up close to her and remarked, "Some women, like roses, retain their sweetness, long after their beauty is gone."

Janie retorted, "Is that so," as she slapped him in the eye.

Edward, as he rubbed his eye, grunted, "There are only two good women in the world; the one is dead, and the other is not to be found."

Shortly before school was out Spencer O'B. met up with Edward D. and the following conversation ensued:

Edward D.: "Ach, I'm sleepy. I sat up all night with a corpse."

Spencer O'B.: "Sure, an' what was it? A wake?"

Edward D.: "Awake! You fool, it was dead!"

As Hazel N. and Charlie C. were talking quietly over the lawn one day, Hazel asked "What becomes of the love triangles, Charlie?"

Charlie looked as vacant as an opossum glaring down at the coon hunter's lantern, and James M. answered from behind, "They become wreck-tangles, Hazel."

First Porter: Boy, you sho' has got a big mouth.

Second Porter: Fool nigger, that ain't no keyhole in the front of your face.

A few boys in Berea love their fathers so much they won't leave them to go to work.

Mr. Briggs: "Wasn't it a splendid picture Mr. Gooch drew in Church yesterday, explaining how he was called into the ministry. He said that he was walking along a lonely path in the early part of the night and beheld a light in the heavens and saw two great golden letters, G. P., which meant, 'Go Preach.'"

Dorsey Mangum (who holds an over-due balance from the Reverend): "I guess the letters meant 'Go Plow.'"

Ed Briggs was once on the witness stand and a lawyer asked him, "Do you live on the road, Mr. Briggs?"

Briggs replied, "No, I live in my house."

Mr. Bob Daniel: "Louie, I need that money I lent you."

Louie D.: "But father, I haven't got it."

Mr. B. Daniel: "Come on and pay me. I know you, I raised you."

Mr. Stone (on history class): "Who can tell me something about Nero?"

Annie Frances O'B.: "He is mentioned in 'Nero, My God to Thee.'"



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Mr. Stone (on algebra class): "Well, I suppose that you have been through algebra?"

Clyde H.: "Yes, sir, but I went through it at night and couldn't see the blame place."

Clide Morris thinks that neology is studied on the front row of a burlesque show.

Poem by Janie Pruett:

"When doughnuts grow on peanut trees,
And Spencer O'Brien is not nutty,
When bumblebees put powder on their knees,
Then I'll begin to study."

Mrs. Crawford C.: "What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirt?"

Mr. Crawford C.: "A magician."

REAL COMPETITION

Mr. Stone, who believes that much of the world's progress has been gained in periods of idleness suggested giving a gold medal to the one in his class in Ninth-Grade History that should prove himself to have been the idlest.

Rhodes Frazier, Clide Morris, and Charlie Currin arose and expressed willingness to take part in the contest.

Rhodes said that the others need not vex themselves with vain hopes, for he was sure to obtain the prize, for the other day he was very cold, and having requested his friends to light a fire, he sat down in such a way that his legs were burned with the heat; but, although he suffered severe pain, he was too slothful to remove them.

Clide, however, advised Rhodes not to be too confident, for recently he himself happened to be standing by the wall from which his father's sword hung, and having accidentally pushed it, he saw that it would rebound so as to wound his stomach, yet from sloth he remained still and was wounded.

But Charlie said gently that he feared he was after all the laziest, for though he had heard Rhodes and Clide lying horribly in order to get the prize, and though he knew he could lie much better still, from pure sloth, he would hold his peace.

Whereupon Mr. Stone said that Charlie had won; for Rhodes injured his leg and Clide his belly from sloth, but Charlie his whole life.



PRIMA LUCE

Who's Who in Berea?

Howard Daniel:

Probably there is no young man in Berea more promising than Howard. In his school work he acquitted himself well and in athletics he was a star. Neither was he inattentive to the ladies. The boys, however, joked him unjustly in this respect. It was said that upon returning from a semi-monthly visit to a certain residence, Howard was heard murmuring in an Ethiopian style, the following lines:

"Whenever a woman vows to love you
In Fortune's spite;
Makes protestations that would prove you
Her soul's delight,
Swears that no other love shall win her
By passion stirred—
Believe her not, the charming sinner
Will break her word."

Mr. Partin:

This gentleman, the postmaster, takes a large interest in the life of the town, educationally and financially. Because of his economy and thrift, some good-natured jokes have been told on him. One of the stories was to the effect that Mr. Partin sold his son-in-law one-half interest in a cow, and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining that he sold only the front half, whereas, it was the duty of his son-in-law to feed the cow. Some time later it was imputed that the cow hooked Mr. Partin and only the intercession of powerful friends prevented him from suing his son-in-law for damages.

Rev. A. Lamond:

The Reverend occupies an important place in the life of the village. For two years he has been pastor of the Baptist Church in Berea. He is one of the pillars of the Baptist faith in the community. His friends delight in teasing Mr. Lamond about a little incident of bygone years. It seems that a little boy wanted to sell him a basket of kittens. As an inducement, the boy said that they were Baptist kittens. Mr. Lamond declined to purchase, and the next day, while he was calling upon a Methodist minister, the same boy called with the kittens and tried to sell them to the Methodist divine, alleging that they were Methodist kittens. "Why," exclaimed Mr. Lamond in surprise, "you told me yesterday that they were Baptist kittens. "Yes," the boy answered, "they hadn't gotten their eyes open then."



PRIMA LUCE

Isham Clark:

Isham is one of the most seen men of the town, and he has a pleasing and jolly personality. Only once was he ever known to cause grief. One time he was standing in front of Ragan's garage, enjoying a conversation and laughter with his friends, when an aged lady, in an open buggy, drove up to Partin's store. After a few moments of silence on her part she burst into tears. All present were concerned and Mr. Clark, in a chivalrous manner, offered his assistance, and inquired the cause of her grief.

"Two years ago," she began, "my husband died and he was such a good husband—" with this utterance, she gave a couple more sobs and continued, "And he had an old mule that used to bray and bray and bray—And when I heard you laughing, I thought of that old mule and John, and I couldn't help but cry to save my life."

Louis Thorpe:

Mr. Thorpe is well known to all citizens. He carries the mail occasionally and takes interest in the affairs of the town. He is never reserved or non-committal—a trait that once irritated a gentleman who made the caustic remark:

"Yonder goes our press agent, Mr. Thorpe,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing;
And never does a wise one."

L. T. Williford:

"Tommy" Williford (as he himself put it—pretty lively—not very good) is one of the outstanding personalities of the neighborhood. He is a jovial fellow and enjoys a joke as good as anybody. Quite frequently he tells one on himself. On one occasion, after telling how he bought many hams, he remarked, "Whenever I die, they can put on my tombstone the inscription, 'Here lies the truth—for it never came out while he was living.'"

Charlie Currin:

Charlie is a clever, cheerful fellow. He distinguished himself in his studies and in extra-curricula activities. He was likewise very chivalrous toward the ladies. He had, however, the vicissitudes of fortune. Once before the appointed night, he was heard singing the following lines of an unknown author:

"That man must lead a happy life,
Who is directed by his wife;
Who's free from matrimonial chains
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace
Till he beheld a woman's face;
When Eve was given for a mate,
Adam was in a happy state."



PRIMA LUCE

Next morning his countenance had changed and he had reversed the order of the lines:

"That man must lead a happy life
Who's free from matrimonial chains;
Who is directed by his wife
Is sure to suffer for his pains.
Adam could find no solid peace,
When Eve was given for a mate;
Till he beheld a woman's face
Adam was in a happy state.

The boys assumed that the song told the story and asked no questions.

Louise Brooks:

Louise has a sweet disposition and is kind and affectionate to all. She is sometimes witty, always mischievous, and certainly has the highest ambition of any one in her class—for her only hope is to be a queen. Beauty is well-known to her, although her own sex thinks she is too large in body. One, however, thinks that she is just a good armfull.

She is a true sport, and although she has been a flirt, she has now cut her dates down to three a week.

Superstition is not foreign to her feelings for she has a firm belief in dream books. Her favorite books are eight volumes on *Fascinating Womanhood*, dime novels, and Uncle Remus' favorite stories.

Her choice occupation, as well as favorite pastime, is talking. Never has she been without a subject, nor has she ever known a secret. One of her favorite pranks is to tell her secrets to everybody confidently. Neither has she ever met a stranger.

Sometimes her eyesight is bad. One day she saw a truck with a ladder on it (probably a painter's outfit) and she declared it was a fire truck.

She has a heart as sound as a bell; her tongue is a clapper, for what her heart thinks, her tongue speaks.

Do you like a jolly, good-natured girl who eagerly enters into your every mood and desire? Well, then you will like Louise for she is the best pal imaginable.

—Specially prepared for "Prima Luce" by Willie Lee Hobgood.

Edward Duncan:

Edward is an individual of exceptional talent, standing at the head of his school in dramatic art. His associates will never forget how exceptionally well he played his part in *A Perplexing Situation*. They still remember his phrase "I am Uncle Toby from a way up in the country. I have not been down in these parts for nigh on to sixteen years." Edward and the girls always get along well when they are not together. After a nocturnal visit, he was wont to make a certain residence he bore certain marks on his face, and uttered indistinctly the following words:



PRIMA LUCE

"She's not what fancy painted her—
I'm sadly taken in:
If some one else had won her, I
Should not have cared a pin.

"I thought that she was mild and good
As maiden ever could be;
I wonder how she ever could
Have so much humbugg'd me.

"They say she's the fairest of the fair—
They drive me madder and madder,
What do they mean by it? I swear
I only wish they had her.

"Tis true that she has lovely locks,
That on her shoulders fall;
What would they say to see the box
In which she keeps them all.

"Her taper fingers, it is true
'Twere difficult to match;
What would they say if they but knew
How terribly they scratch."

Guthrie Williford:

Guthrie is a good-natured lad, and especially fond of the girls. He does have melancholy spells once in a while. After Clyde Hobgood refused to sit in the same seat with him, he was heard repeating Byron's lines:

"When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

"The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.



PRIMA LUCE

"They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder came over me—
Why were thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:—
Long, long shall I see thee,
Too deeply to tell.

"In secret we met—
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee,
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears."

Clide Morris—

? ? ? ? ? ? ?



PRIMA LUCE

Icy Sayings by a Man a Woman Wouldn't Have

"The music at a marriage procession always reminds me of the music of soldiers entering upon a battle."

"Fortune and women are partial to fools."

"There are in women two sorts of tears, the one of grief, the other of deceit."

"A woman's thoughts run before her action, not before her words,"

"Talk not to me of the wisdom of women—I know their sex well; the wisest of them all are but little less foolish than the rest."

"It is said that friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities."

"Women have fewer vices than men, but they have stronger prejudices."

"A woman's tongue is only three inches long—that is comparatively speaking—but it can kill a man six feet high."

"We never know what a woman doesn't mean until she has spoken."

"A Scotch minister once contended in the pulpit that women never enter Heaven, upon the ground that, as St. John in *Revelation* says, 'There was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour,' it was impossible to suppose that women were there, for they could not remain so long without talking."



PRIMA LUCE

"Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter."

"All women have hearts, but often it is with them as with oaks—the heart is the hardest part."

"Since all maids are good and lovable, whence come the evil wives?"

"How wisely nature, ordering all below,
Forbade a beard on woman's chin to grow!
For how could she be shaved, what'er the skill,
Where tongue would never let the chin be still?"

"By this, too, it is evident that woman is a great evil, for the father who begat her and brought her up, gives a dowry and sends her away to be rid of the evil."

"The rich widow cries with one eye and rejoices with the other."

"Men should keep their eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut afterwards."

"When you are but slightly acquainted with the lady you admire, and wish to know all her faults, it is only necessary to commend her among her female acquaintances."

"A woman is never so badly in love that she does not try to find out the cost of her engagement ring."

"'No' is the feminine of 'yes.'"

"Now, what I love in women is they won't
Or can't do otherwise than lie, and do it
With such a grace that truth seems falsehood to it."

"A woman's hair is long, but her sense is short."

"Sweet is revenge—especially to women."



PRIMA LUCE

He and She, or Rather, She and He

She (looking at one of her former photographs): "A brilliant daughter makes a brilliant wife."

He: "Yes, and ideas are like beards—men never have any until they grow up, and women none at all."

She: "Men are more eloquent than women made,
But women are more powerful to persuade."

He: "A beautiful woman smiling bespeaks a purse weeping."

She (decorating her lips): "How do you like rouge?"

He: "Well, I believe red is a universal sign of danger."

She (adjusting her dress): "What do you think of my dress?"

He: "Your dress, my dear, will never please the men."

She: "I didn't dress, sir, to please the men, but to worry the other women."

She: "I am feeling very bad. Something flickers before my eyes all the time."

He: "Great Christopher Columbus! She is hinting for another diamond ring."

She: "If a man is happily married, his 'rib' is worth all the other bones in his body."

He: "I heard another story about that rib business that impressed me very much. It's an Arabian or Mohammedan version of the creation. It seems that as Allah was sewing up the hole in Adam's side after having removed the rib and laid it down on the ground, that a dog grabbed it and ran away. Allah struck out after the dog and caught him by the end of his tail. In the course of the race the dog pulled off the end of his tail which remained in Allah's hand. And then Allah, not to be outdone in this manner, made woman out of what he held in hand."

(It was said that this conversation ended in a divorce.)



PRIMA LUCE

Editorial Notes

DOUBTLESS discipline in Berea High School is less severe than in former years. At one time most every offense was punished by a flogging. The hickory switch—that never failing servant of the faithful pedagogue that possesses all the powers of the wand of Mercury, save that of lulling mortals to sleep—was often in use. Frequently the pale delinquent was brought trembling before the school master and punishment was administered to his shoulders, back, legs, et cetera.

—————:O:—————

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

—————:O:—————

WHEN HUSBANDS WERE APPRECIATED: In the late Middle Ages, Conrad laid siege to the village of Weinsberg. Upon the surrender of the city, the king decided to destroy it, but allowed the women to take with them such valuables as they could carry. When the gates were thrown open, there appeared a long line of women, each staggering beneath the weight of her husband. Conrad was so affected by this touching scene, that he spared the city.

—————:O:—————

ONE WAY TO DO IT: At one time it is said that King John of England, threw into prison a wealthy Jew, who refused to pay an enormous sum of money, and pulled out a tooth every day until he paid the required amount.

—————:O:—————

Gunpowder was invented by the Chinese, manufactured by the British and used by the Americans.

—————:O:—————

EXPENSES

Rich man—Twin-six; Poor man—Six Twins.

—————:O:—————

A DREAM: It looked as if a great teachers' meeting was in progress, and Mr. J. H. Lowsmith in the course of a fiery philippic against the teaching of Latin asked, "How many in this audience have read a page of Latin in the last year merely for the pleasure of it?"

A Latin fanatic in the back of the room arose, and, after requesting the privilege of speaking, also asked, "I am also equally curious. I would like for all who, within the last year's time, in the hot sunshine and merely for the pleasure of it, have beheld the eastern appendix of a westbound mule fighting flies?"



PRIMA LUCE

A change came over my fleeting dream. Some one knocked and St. Peter called out, "Who's there!" At this moment a stately gentleman passed up a scroll on which was marked, "The Eight Months' Term."

St. Peter quickly said, "Come on in, brother A. T."

A moment later there came a second knock, somewhat louder than the one before.

"Who's that?" St. Peter inquired.

Another gentleman handed in a document on the cover of which I caught a glimpse of the following title: "High School Re-Organization." And St. Peter said, "Come on in, Brother John Henry—"

As the vision faded, I thought I saw St. Michael put his hand on the shoulder of the gentleman who entered last, and I thought I heard him whisper in his ear, "We are glad to see you, John, but be careful what you say about Re-Organization. You know one fellow was thrown out for proposing a plan of re-organization."

—————:O:—————

There is one excellent thing about Senator Borah's party; its decisions are always unanimous.

—————:O:—————

LOYALTY: Not every one now realizes what loyalty means. During her reign, Queen Elizabeth of England, persecuted some of her religious adversaries, A Puritan, named Stubbs, whose right hand was struck off by her order, waived his hat in his left hand, while he cried, "Long live Queen Elizabeth."

—————:O:—————

To mention the least, one good thing can be said of "Ma" Ferguson: She has not threatened to write a book.

—————:O:—————

Upon visiting Luther's grave, Charles was urged to dig up the remains of the reformer and wreak vengeance for the troubles that he had caused, but the Monarch replied, "No; I wage war on the living, not the dead."

—————:O:—————

The most puzzling thing about public education is how the spirit of the lower one can be at so many places at the same time.

—————:O:—————

Irving Cobb recently visited a former acquaintance of his, who is now serving a term in Sing Sing. Upon his return, a friend asked Cobb what kind of a fellow was the imprisoned man. "He is not such a bad fellow," said Cobb, "He was one of those who yielded to the impulse all of us have some time or other—he murdered his wife."

—————:O:—————

A beautiful woman is the hell of the soul, the purgatory of the purse, and the paradise of the eyes.



PRIMA LUCE

SOME EMBLEM: During a recent special tax election for schools, many farmers were complaining of high taxes, and someone suggested that two farmers should ride on one horse to indicate the original poverty of the farmer.

—:O:—

Wolsey who, throughout his life, had served his King, and then in his old age, had been deserted by him in his last moments, exclaimed:

"O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not in my age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

—Shakespeare

—:O:—

Speaking of Eating:

"The robin, the bobin, the blue-breast hen,
Ate more meat than four-score men;
An ox and a half, a cow and a calf;
Thirty feet of Johnny Cake, forty pounds of cheese,
A big pot of hominy, a little pot of peas;
A bull and a boar
And then the poor little robin cried for more."

—:O:—

"'Tis the Sunset of life that gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

—:O:—

SPECIAL NOTICE

Nothing in this book is supposed to be original except the pictures, and some of them are so original as to lead biologists to feel that they have found the missing link.

—:O:—

TRULY A PRECIOUS TREE:

Pales, an ancient Greek, planted a tree in his field, that he might enjoy the fruit of it; but his expectations were grievously disappointed, for when he had married a young and beautiful maiden whom he loved, and had lived with her in happiness for six months, she, one day, stricken with sudden madness, went and hung herself on this tree. And not only so, but a second wife whom he brought home (after grieving two years for the first), the day after her marriage, passing by the ill-fated tree, committed suicide in the same way. Whereupon the luckless husband could scarcely be prevented from slaying himself also; but when his friends had at last prevailed upon him to bear his sorrow more easily, he seized an axe and said, "At any rate, that tree shall be cut down," and he went out and began to tie a rope to the tree to hew it down more safely. But a friend who had heard all, and who himself had a foolish wife, said:



PRIMA LUCE

"Forbear, my friend, to cut down so precious a tree; but rather give me a twig of it to plant by my house, and I will repay you with much money."

Pales assented, and thus, by selling each year many twigs, became the richest man in Greece.

—:O:—

Talking of Wills:

Recently Charles Vance Miller, a Canadian lawyer, sportsman, and multi-millionaire, died. All doubt about his sense of humor was dissipated by the following provisions in his will which was recently probated:

A bequest of seven hundred thousand dollars worth of O'Keefe Brewery Stock to seven prominent Methodist ministers on condition that they draw the dividends and participate in the management of the brewery for ten years. Miller said he desired to determine "whether their avarice for money is greater than their principles."

A bequest of twenty-five thousand dollars worth of Ontario Jockey Club Stock to three men bitterly opposed to racing—The Rev. Ben Spence, leader of the Prohibition Union; W. E. Rayne, former Attorney-General; and Newton Roswell, former privy counsellor—also on condition that they draw the dividends.

A third bequest of unusual interest was one of two million to the woman who became the mother of the most children in Ontario until October 31, 1935—watch out for twins, PETE and REPEAT.

—:O:—

SALESMANSHIP IS RIGHT

During the boom in Florida I wandered down there more for curiosity than for anything else. I thought I would see how land was selling and I mentioned about buying a house. I soon found that everything in town was for sale, even including the Post Office. Accidentally I ran across a real estate agent, a clever real estate agent, who was then connected with a land promotion company. He took me over the town in his car. In the course of our conversation, he said:

"You know this is the healthiest place in the world, people here never get sick, nor do they ever die here."

A little farther down the street of the village I saw a sign hanging out, which read: "J. D. Mulligan, M. D."

"What's that?" I said, "I thought you said people never get sick here."

"So I did," my companion replied. "He's a new comer; he won't last long. He doesn't know what he is up against."

A moment later we met a long line of cars, and I uttered,

"What's this! A funeral procession?"

The agent looked sad and solemn and did not speak for a full minute, and then in a low serious tone of voice as if speaking to himself he uttered, "Too bad, too bad, the poor old undertaker has starved to death."



PRIMA LUCE

Golden Gems

SOLITUDE

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

—Lord Byron.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

—Anon.

"They made her a grave too cold and damp,
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footsteps of death is near."



PRIMA LUCE

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds:—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stir'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh, when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd.—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid;

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark;
The wind was high, and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

—Moore.

INDIRECTION

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepter the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did unfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.



PRIMA LUCE

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing;

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those
shine;

Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

—Richard Realf.

THE LAST KISS OF LOVE

My love! my wife!
Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there
Oh, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; Oh, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss,
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary bark.
. . . Thus with a kiss I die.

—Romeo and Juliet.



PRIMA LUCE

EXILE OF ERIN

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger;
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me,
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh.

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit they sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the willwood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood;
And where is the bosom friend dearer than all?
O, my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the raindrop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they can not recall.

"Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—
Erin mavourneen,—Erin go bragh!"

—Thomas Campbell.



PRIMA LUCE

FIRST LOVE

'Tis sweet to hear,
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier;
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep.
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear,
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps;
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth;
Sweet is revenge, especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend;
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the school-boy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
The tale of knowledge has been plucked—all's known—
And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filched for us from heaven.

—Lord Byron.



PRIMA LUCE

THE DEATH-BED

We watched her breathing through the night—
Her breathing sofe and low—
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our weary hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed; she had
Another morn than ours.

—*Thomas Hood.*



PRIMA LUCE

Character Sketches

1. *Cyrus The Great:*

After Cyrus had conquered Lydia, he, in adherence to the spirit of the age, intended to put to death its King, Croesus. Croesus was so rich that his name has become proverbial. He was now doomed to die. Mounting the funeral pile, he explained, "Solon! Solon!" Cyrus, wondering, inquired the reason. The captive replied that the Greek philosopher had once visited him and made light of his riches, saying, "that no man should be judged happy until the manner of his death was known." Cyrus, struck by the reply, released Croesus and made him a confidential friend.

2. *Homer:*

Homer was an Asiatic Greek, whose name has become immortal. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are the greatest epics ever written. The first contains the story of the siege of Troy; the second narrates the wanderings of Ulysses, king of Ithaca, on his return from the Trojan Conquest. Homer's style is simple, artistic, clear and vivid. It abounds in sublime description, delicate pathos, pure domestic sentiment, and noble conceptions of character. His verse strangely stirred the Grecian heart. The rhapsodist Ion describes the emotion it produced:

"When that which I recite is pathetic, my eyes fill with tears; when it is awful or terrible, my hair stands on end and my heart leaps. The spectators also weep in sympathy, and look aghast with terror."

According to tradition Homer was a schoolmaster who, wearying of confinement, began to travel. Having become blind in the course of his wanderings he returned to his native town, where he composed his two great poems. Afterwards he roamed from town to town, singing his lays, and adding to them as his inspiration came. Somewhere on the coast of the Levant he died and was buried. His birthplace is unknown, and according to an old Greek epigram,

"Seven rival towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

3. *Archilochus:*

Archilochus was a satirical poet of great reputation among the ancients, his birthday being celebrated in one grand festival with that of Homer, and a single double-facel status perpetuating their memory. He invented many rhythmical forms, and wrote with force and elegance. His satire was so caustic that he is said to have driven a whole family to suicide by his venomous pen, used in revenge for his rejection by one of the daughters. He likened himself to a porcupine bristling with quills, and declared,

"One great thing I know,
The man who wrongs me to requite with woe."



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Although one of the greatest of soldier poets, Archilochus proved himself a coward on the battle-field, afterward proclaiming the fact in a kind of apologetic bravado thus:

"The foreman glories o'er my shield,
I left it on the battlefield.
I threw it down beside the wood,
Unscathed by scars, unstained with blood
And let him glory; since from death
Escaped, I keep my forfeit breath.
I soon may find at little cost
As good a shield as that I lost."

When he afterward visited Sparta, the authorities, taking a different view of sword-drawing, ordered him to leave the city in an hour.

4. *Alexander The Great:*

Alexander always retained a warm love for his mother, Olympias. She, however, was a violent woman. Antipater, who was left Governor of Macedon during Alexander's absence, wrote a letter complaining of her conduct. "Ah," said the King, "Antipater does not know that one tear of a mother will blot out ten thousand of his letters."

Just before the battle of Issus Alexander was attacked by a fever in consequence of bathing in the cold water of the Cydnus. While sick he was informed that his physician, Philip, had been bribed by Darius to poison him. As Philip came into the room Alexander handed him a letter containing the warning, and then, before the doctor could speak, swallowed the medicine. His confidence was rewarded by a speedy recovery.

Porus, an Indian, held the banks of the Hydaspes. The Indians being defeated, Porus was brought into Alexander's presence. When asked what he wished, Porus replied, "Nothing except to be treated like a king." Alexander, struck by the answer, gave him his liberty and enlarged his territory.

One day while passing through the Arabian desert Alexander's throat was parched with thirst. A drink of water was given him, but he threw it to the ground, lest the sight of his pleasure would aggravate the suffering of his men.

5. *Diogenes:*

Probably there is no greater cynic or rationalist philosopher than Diogenes. He would wander on the streets of Athens shabbily clad, making fun of those who rode by in carriages. "You have a carriage to worry about," said he, "while I have none." Alexander The Great heard of his fame and decided to reward him. One day the king paid Diogenes a visit. "I have heard of your fame, your wisdom, your understanding," Alexander began, "and I want to reward you. Which shall I give you, the governorship of a province, a position at court, or a sum of money?" It was a bright sunny day and Alexander was blocking the sun light from Diogenes and the latter answered, "Stand aside, please, you are blocking the sun light from me."



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6. *Cincinnatus:*

One day news came that the Aequians had surrounded the Roman Consul and his army in a deep valley, whence they could not escape. There seemed no one in Rome fit to meet this emergency except Titius Quinctius, surnamed Cincinnatus or the Curley-haired, (Perhaps Howard Daniel's hair will make him famous yet) was declared dictator. The officers who went to announce his appointment found him plowing on his little farm of four acres, which he tilled himself. He called for his toga, that he might receive the commands of the Senate with due respect, when he was at once hailed dictator. Repairing to the city, he assembled fresh troops, collected a new army and defeated the enemy. Cincinnatus, on his return, was awarded a golden crown. Having saved his country, he resigned his office and went back to his plow again, content with the quiet of his rustic home.

7. *Fabricius:*

Fabrizius was a sturdy Roman who worked on his farm. He loved integrity and honor more than ought else, save his country. During the war with Pyrrhus the Romans sent Fabricius as ambassador to the enemy's camp. Pyrrhus was surprised to find in this haughty Roman that same greatness of soul that once had made Hellenic character so famous. He offered him "more gold than Rome had ever possessed," if he would enter his service, but Fabricius replied that "Poverty, with a good name, is better than wealth." Afterwards the physician of Pyrrhus offered to poison the king. But the indignant Roman sent back the traitor in irons. Pyrrhus, not to be outdone in generosity, set free all his captives, saying that "it is easier to turn the sun from its course than Fabricius from the path of honor."

8. *Hannibal:*

Hannibal was the son of Hamilcar, a great general. When Hamilcar left Carthage for Spain, he took with him Hannibal, a boy nine years old, having first made him swear at the altar of Baal always to be an enemy of the Romans. The childish oath was never forgotten, and Hannibal, like his father, had but one purpose—to humble his country's rival. For fifteen years he fought the Romans untriflingly, defeating them in the memorable battles of Trebia, Trasimenus, and Cannae. After the last named battle Hannibal sent a bushel of gold rings taken from the fingers of the Roman Knights to Carthage. Henceforth the Romans ceased to fight him in the open field where his genius was so fatal to them.

While Hannibal was ravaging the rich plains of Campania, the wary Fabius seized the passes of the Apennines, through which Hannibal must recross into Samnium with his booty. The Carthaginian was apparently caught in the trap. But his mind was fertile in devices. He fastened torches to the horns of two thousand oxen, and sent men to drive them up the neighboring heights. The two Romans at the defiles thinking the Carthaginians were trying to escape over the hills, ran to the defence. Hannibal quickly seized the passes, and marched through with his army.



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9. *Cornelia:*

Cornelia, the mother of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, was the daughter of Scipio Africanus the Elder. Left a widow, she was offered marriage with the king of Egypt, but preferred to devote herself to the education of her children. When a rich friend once exhibited to her a cabinet of rare gems, she called in her two sons, saying, "These are my jewels."

10. *Mithridates The Great:*

Mithridates was king of Pontus. The armor which fitted his gigantic frame excited the wonder alike of Asiatic and Italian. As a runner he overtook the fleetest deer; as a rider, he broke the wildest steed; as a charioteer, he drove sixteen-in-hand; and as a hunter, he hit his game with his horse at full gallop. He kept Greek poets, historians, and philosophers at his court, and gave prizes, not only to the greatest eater and drinker, but to the merriest jester and best singer. He ruled the twenty-two nations of his realm without the aid of an interpreter. He experimented on poison and sought to harden his system to its effect. One day he disappeared from the palace and was absent for months. On his return, it appeared that he had wandered incognito through Asia Minor, studying the people and country.

11. *Julius Caesar:*

Although Caesar was a patrician, yet he was a friend of the people. His aunt was married to Marius; his wife was the daughter of Cinna. Both Marius and Cinna were in their life time, enemies to Sulla. During Sulla's proscription, Caesar refused to divorce his wife at the bidding of the dictator, and only the influence of powerful friends saved his life. Sulla detected the character of the youth and declared, "There is more than one Marius hid in him." It was a true prediction. Caesar civilized Gaul and in doing so trained an army that knew no mind or will except that of its great general.

After the battle of Pharsalia in which he defeated Pompey, Caesar rode over the field calling upon his men to spare the Roman citizens, and on reaching Pompey's tent, put his letters in the fire unread.

12. *Frederick The Great:*

Frederick was king of Prussia, and although he had unlimited power he respected the rights of others. A windmill at Potsdam stood on some ground which he wanted for his park but he could not get it because the miller refused to sell, and he, although absolute monarch, would not force him to leave. This building is carefully preserved today as a monument of Frederick's respect for the rights of a poor man. "My people and I," said Frederick on another occasion, "understand each other. They are to say what they like and I am to do what I like."

13. *Napoleon Bonaparte:*

Napoleon as a boy was resolute, quarrelsome, gloomy, not much liked by his companions, lived apart; but he was popular with his teachers and became the



PRIMA LUCE

head scholar in Mathematics. At sixteen he went to Paris to complete his studies. Poor and proud, discontented with his lot, tormented by the first stirrings of genius, he became a misanthrope. These characteristics were the effect of his genius.

PORTRAYAL

We know of no better way to portray the fatalism of Prof. Stone and his insight into human nature than listing a number of proverbs which he is fond of quoting. As he always objects to giving the English of a proverb without quoting the Latin, we, contrary to the interest of economy, also insert the Latin.

Ab inopia ad virtutem obsaeta est via.
Hard is the path from poverty to renown.

Absens heres non erit.
The absent one will not be the heir.

Acerrima proximorum odia.
The hatred of relations is the most bitter.

Amicus omnium, amicus nullorum.
Every man's friend is no man's friend.

An dives sit, omnes quaerunt, nemo, an bonus.
All ask if a man be rich, no one if he be good.

Arts long, vita brevis.
Science is unlimited in its course, life is short.

Beati monoculi in regione caecorum.
Happy are one-eyed men in the country of the blind.

Beneficium accipere, libertatem vendere.
To receive a favor is to sell your liberty.

Caecus iter monstrare cult.
The blind man wishes to show the way.

Habent insidias hominis blanditiae mali.
The soft speeches of the wicked are full of deceit.

Multa verba, modica fides.
Many words, little credit.

Littera scripta manet.
A letter once written cannot be recalled.

Murus aereus constantia sana.
A clean conscience is a wall of brass.

Cave a cane muto. et ab aqua silenti.
Beware of a silent dog and of still water.

Caveat emptor.
Let the buyer be on his guard.

Illa dolet verc, quae sine teste dolet.
Her grief is real who grieves when no one is by.

Cum fortuna perit, nullus amicus erit.
When fortune deserts us, our friends are nowhere.

De male quaesitis vix gaudet tertius heres.
A third heir seldom profits by ill-gotten wealth.

Etiame mendicis mendico invidet.
Even the beggar envies the beggar.

Extremis malis extrema remedia.
Desperate maladies require desperate remedies.

Fama nihil est celerius.
Nothing moves more quickly than scandal.

Felix, qui nihil debet.
Happy is the man who is out of debt.

Fide, sed cui vide.
Have confidence, but beware in whom.
Nihil est ab omni parte beatum.
There is no such thing as perfect happiness.

Qui sitiunt, silentio bibunt.
They who are thirsty, drink in silence.

Memento mori.
Remember death.

Cede Deo.
Yield to divine power.



PRIMA LUCE

And So It Goes

I

Not many summers ago at Wentworth-by-the-Sea
There arrived a new swimming instructor of unknown fame.
Whose art was superb and whose motions were free,
Which subjected the brawnier life-guards to shame.

II

And soon without any soliciting, effort or pain,
On the part of the teacher for pupils to teach,
The number enrolled in the classes increased by a flourishing train,
And many a favorite lass wandered now to the beach.

III

And many a matron discharged an expression of scorn,
But silently nourished an inward desire to be young
And many a bachelor trimmed his moustache, weather-beaten and worn,
And gave thanks to the gods for his youth unstung.

IV

And frequently muttering sires surreptitiously spied
The way the instructor was handling their daughters;
And ever and anon the mothers contemptuously eyed
The teacher's new strokes with the girls in the waters.

V

The fathers soon gathered together, the mothers conspired;
"For such boldness and freedom as this cannot be,
And such practices instantly must be retired
We may be old-fashioned, 'tis true, but at least we can see."

VI

And they called their fond daughters before them and spoke:
"Dear children of ours, we have noticed the way,
Your handsome instructor is teaching the stroke,
And such lessons must stop, our dear children, to-day."

VII

Demurely the daughters replied, "Nothing's wrong, to be sure,
The teacher is clever, the water is fine;
In fact, parents dear, it would be hard to secure



PRIMA LUCE

Instruction from one more expert in this line,
And one in whose presense a girl is at ease
On either a mountain or in the sea breeze."

VIII

This greeted a chorus of sniffs from the parents,
Who angrily said, "Bring this young man before us,
If you will not caution the youngster, we will—
We mean business; no waiting, contentions, or fuss."

IX

The daughters departed but quickly returned.
And accompanying them was the swimming instructor—
A creature quite handsome, but slightly sunburned.
Some one said, "Meet Miss Reggin, the Olympian Star."

X

So this was the unscrupulous lad of the ocean—
Her reticent voice and her boyish hairtrim,
And masculine bathing attire had caused the commotion—
No wonder! Her body was lithe and athletic and slim.

XI

And the wrath of the fathers now faded away;
The reproach of the mothers existed no more.
Few were chagrined and some others had nothing to say,
While many gave outbursts of laughter as heard on occasions before.

XII

It was rumored that in the confusion and joy,
That some one ventured to ask the instructor,
That since the delusion was over and she was no longer a boy,
If she cared to give lessons in swimming to gentlemen.

—Orlando Stone.



PRIMA LUCE

THE SEVEN WISE MEN were variously named even in Greece. The following translations of a Grecian doggerel gives one version.

"I'll tell the names and sayings and the places of their birth
Of the seven great ancient Sages, so renowned on Grecian earth.
The Lindian *Cleobulus* said, 'The man was still the best';
The spartan *Chilo*, 'Know thyself,' a heaven-born phrase confessed;
Corinthian *Periander* taught 'Our anger to command';
'Too much of nothing,' *Pittacus*, from Mitylene's strand;
Athenian *Solon* this advised, 'Look to the end of life';
And *Bias* from Priene showed 'Bad men are most rife';
Milesian *Thales* urged that 'None should e'er a surety be';
Few were these words, but, if you look, you'll much in little see."

—*Collin's Ancient Classics.*

IN departing, Old Berea, we spontaneously recall Sophocles' famous chorus in *Oedepus at Colonus*, describing the beauties of the country:

*Here ever and aye, through the greenest vale,
Gush the wailing notes of the Nightingale,
From her home where the dark-hued ivy weaves
With the grove of the god a night of leaves;
And the vines blossom out from the lonely glade,
And the suns of the summer are dim in the shade,
And the storms of the winter have never a breeze
That can shiver a leaf from the charmed trees.*

* * * * *

*And wandering there forever, the fountains are at play,
And Cephissus feeds his river from their sweet urns
day by day;
The river knows no dearth,
Adown the vale the lapsing waters glide,
And the pure rain of that pellucid tide
Calls the rife beauty from heart of earth.*



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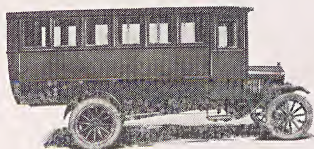
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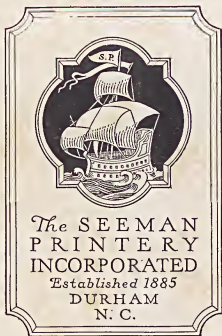
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